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Bribing Germany to be Good

Momentous matters have been discussed in the Anglo-French conversations in London which began on November 29. It is no secret that some members of the British Cabinet have been in favor of dropping Britain's present understanding with France and Soviet Russia and coming to terms with Hitler and Mussolini. Such a possibility was no doubt discussed in Viscount Halifax's recent visit to Germany. The London meeting was, in a way, to hear counter-proposals from France.

The diplomats apparently believe Hitler might be appeased either by restoration of the former German colonies, or by giving him a free hand in Central Europe, and particularly in Czechoslovakia. France, for obvious reasons, is especially anxious that German ambitions in Europe should not be realized. England, which got the lion's share of the German colonies, is not enthusiastic about giving them up. Hitler, we should remember, in his book, "Mein Kampf," which he has followed with amazing exactness, attached no importance to restoration of the colonies but insisted that Germany must push back her borders in the East.

It seems clear that any attempt now to preserve the peace by giving back German colonies (which were certainly stolen as ruthlessly from her as she had stolen them from their native inhabitants) can have only a temporary effect. Hitler will not live up to any promises he now makes in return for colonies. No matter what he may say, he is sure to push ahead toward, as a minimum, the annexation of Austria and the German-speaking part of Czechoslovakia. There is no real use in making bargains with a government that repudiates them as soon as it feels strong enough to do so.

The Housing Campaign

The President is right in pointing to the lag in construction as the chief element in retardation of recovery, and in trying to encourage housing as an important part of construction. The modifications which he asks in present federal legislation on the subject may be helpful. On small, inexpensive houses, federal loans may be 90 percent instead of 80 percent of the cost. Finance charges are to be reduced. Insurance of mortgages is to be extended to large-scale operations or buildings to be rented, when undertaken by limited-dividend companies. It is hoped to accumulate more capital for investment in housing by the establishment of national mortgage associations which may issue debentures guaranteed by the government. And slightly more government money is to be made available through the RFC.

In addition, the President points to the deterrent effect of high costs of construction and asks the industry to do something about that. This is the weak point of the whole program, because the industry is so organized that it does not respond to the motives of mass production at low prices, but rather to speculative profiteering. What is to prevent the monopolistic material-supply industries from jacking their prices up, as they always have done, whenever new capital goes into building in large volume? Certainly not the President's request. It is undeniable that

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labor costs could be reduced, with higher annual earnings to the workers, if steady employment could be guaranteed at lower hourly rates. But what construction contractors are in a position to guarantee a yearly wage? And what would happen to the hourly rates of those mechanics who received no such guarantee? Labor is justly suspicious of concessions along this line. It will require a reorganization of the whole industry, from top to bottom, before great progress in this direction can be achieved. We are afraid that the attempt to stimulate housing will not succeed on a broad enough scale to have much effect on the present recession. Direct government building, financed by the social-security funds, might be more successful.

Coaxing the Utilities

Another effort by the President to spur capital investment is concerned with the electric utilities. Just what occurred in the conversation between him and prominent utility executives is a little vague. The elementary facts, however, are simple and undeniable. There exists a great potential need for electric service, which would justify a large investment program. Whatever the government may do to bring down the rates for current, whether by its own competition through "yardstick" enterprises, or through encouragement of municipal ownership, or through regulation and the elimination of capital write-ups, will make this investment more necessary and more justifiable even from the investors' point of view, because experience has shown again and again that rate reductions increase sales and enhance profits. But the utilities are apparently using the present situation to try to get concessions from the government. They allege that government competition and the holding-company law create such fear that they cannot get the necessary capital. All we can say is that they themselves, by their past behavior and their propaganda, have created most of the fear. If their present campaign is successful, the need for new capital will be greatly diminished, because current will cost more than it otherwise would and the demand for it will not be so large. It might be better to put the private utilities in the position of having to hurry up and supply the potential demand before government is compelled to do so.

Les Cagoulards

That irresistible comic-opera touch for which French politics used to be famous seems to hang about the frustrated monarchist uprising of a few days ago. The hooded order, Les Cagoulards, which plotted to overthrow the Republic, using the Paris sewers as the avenue of attack, sounds even more ridiculous than its American KKK counterpart. Unfortunately, it is no laughing matter. Fascism is extremely strong in France, and is closely linked with the Royalist movement. It is also closely connected with fascism in Germany and Italy. Remembering the example of what these two countries have done to Spain, and realizing the importance to the world of maintaining a democratic government in France, we are entitled to rejoice that the plot of Les Cagoulards was frustrated.

Mexican Oil

An important part of the six-year plan for Mexico, which began under President Cardenas in 1934, is the nationalization of industries under the domination of foreign capital. Oil is just such an industry, dominated by British and American investments which total about $500,000,000, and last spring Mexico established a National Petroleum Administration to regain control over her oil resources. The British and American companies have, since the 1917 Mexican Constitution, leased the oil properties from the landowners at a relatively small rent and have paid a low government land tax. Now, however, the leases are running out and the Mexican government is demanding much higher prices for renewals. Great Britain has already reached an agreement with the Cardenas government. In return for valuable concessions she has agreed to pay royalties to the National Petroleum Administration of from 15 to 35 percent of the oil produced (enormously more than ever before) and in addition it is reported that the Mexican treasury will receive loans amounting to $5,000,000 from British sources. The pace has been set by Great Britain (anxious, of course, to maintain oil resources that do not require transportation through the Mediterranean) and United States companies will undoubtedly have to reach much the same sort of agreement. In this program of nationalization Mexico is only doing what many other nations—with valuable resources and the power to protect them—have done. It is a justifiable national policy and the United States oil companies would be well advised to accept it.

A League for Peace and Democracy

The American League Against War and Fascism held its fourth congress at Pittsburgh, November 26-28. It was attended by 1,320 delegates representing 26 states and 806 organizations, claiming an enrolment of over 4,000,000 members. An important aspect of the occasion was its revelation of the growth of the League among trade unions, 405 delegates, representing 332 labor bodies, being almost twice the numbers enrolled at the Cleveland congress in 1936. The mass meeting with which the proceedings opened drew some 6,500 people to the Duquesne Garden, the largest gathering in Pittsburgh, with the exception of the political meetings last autumn, in eighteen years. The congress worked under certain difficulties owing to the distance of its meeting place from its headquarters. A contract for the use of the Syrian Mosque was rejected at the instance of the local American Legion, acting under direction from the Americanization Committee of the national organization. The mass meeting was picketed by members of the Catholic Radical Alliance directed by their priests. Nevertheless the congress was by far the most successful held by the

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League. An important action taken was the change of name to the American League for Peace and Democracy. The anomaly of connection with a single political party was removed by the withdrawal of the Communist Party from affiliation. A full account of the congress will appear in the next issue.

The NLRB Breaks New Ground

Early in the history of the New Deal, President Roosevelt helped work out a basis for collective bargaining in the automobile industry. A committee which included Dr. Leo Wolman of Columbia University had the unhappy task of trying to make the system work, an attempt that was a flat failure. In essence, the scheme said that an indefinite number of unions might exist in a single plant, and elect representatives to a bargaining committee in accordance with their respective strength in that plant.

The National Labor Relations Board has just ordered an election for representation purposes in which a similar problem appears. The plant in question is the Allis Chalmers Manufacturing Company, makers of industrial and farm machinery at West Allis, Wisconsin. The question is whether the plant shall be organized along industrial-union lines by the United Automobile Workers (who already have 7,000 of the 10,000 workers) or shall be partly organized also into several small craft unions, most of them affiliated with the A. F. of L. The terms of the NLRB election make the second result possible.

One member of the NLRB, Edwin S. Smith, dissented from the decision of his colleagues on the Board—the first dissent in the history of the body. He believes that "the whole recent and significant history of sentiment regarding collective bargaining in the Allis-Chalmers plant points to the emergence of the industrial-type union as the choice of the overwhelming mass of the employees." He feels, therefore, that an election which seems to safeguard several small minorities in a democratic way may in fact endanger the majority. He points out that at least one of the craft-union groups holds a crucial position in regard to operation and could nullify the effect of a strike in which an overwhelming majority of the other workers participated. We need hardly say that we believe Mr. Smith has raised a point of great importance. The Wagner Act was intended to permit not merely the form of collective bargaining, but its substance. Labor is poorly served when the letter of the law is allowed to violate its spirit.

Troubled

We are pretty much troubled in this office by the fact, which appeared in The New Yorker, that the Voice of The March of Time gets paid $25,000 a year for his services. There are at least three reasons for our concern and the first of these is probably jealousy. The chief characteristic of the Voice is the quality of doom that hangs around its every pronouncement; nothing seems quite so relentless and ominous as the rich, somber words it speaks. And we like to think that warnings of impending disaster are the special field of The New Republic. We resent such a successful commercial inroad on our stock-in-trade. Our second worry is about the effect the news of this large salary must have on the economic theory of wage determination. Certainly the economists are going to be hard put to it to explain this away. But the principal source of our troubled state of mind is the contemplation of what this will do to the morale of college students all over the country. Who will be willing to train for the law or medicine or teaching school with news like this abroad? We suspect that even now, in classrooms everywhere, there is a mumbling and a muttering going on, disrupting the even course of the lectures. And, could the professor make out the words, he would hear each student practising, now forlornly, now warningly, the golden words, "Time —marches On!"

Not Daughter but Sister

In the article by G. Reimann ("Who Leads the Leader?" The New Republic, November 24) the statement is made that F. Andreae, chairman of the Central Committee of the Reichsbank, is married to "the daughter of a former Jewish Democratic Minister—the famous Walter Rathenau." This was an error, since Herr Andreae's wife is the sister of the late Herr Rathenau. The error of course in no way alters Mr. Reimann's point, which was that Herr Andreae "would not be permitted by the Nazi Party to hold any post in any village government" on account of being married to a Jewess.

News Notes of a Week

Japanese troops pushed on toward Nanking during the week ending November 30 and military observers believed the fall of the city was certain. The great powers, including the United States, sharply protested Japan's seizure of the Shanghai customs. . . . In Spain, Franco declared a complete blockade of the Loyalist territory, although Barcelona pronounced this a mere bluff. Franco also demanded immediate unconditional surrender of the Loyalists before December 5, under threat of a heavy offensive to begin after that date. Unconfirmed rumors reported Britain as now prepared to work for a restoration of the Spanish monarchy.

At home, interest continued to center upon the old familiar question whether President Roosevelt intends to move toward the Right or the Left. While Progressives in Washington blamed the present "recession" partly upon curtailment of government spending last summer, the President announced he would probably veto any new measure putting a serious burden on the Treasury. He also stated that the new farm bill ought not to cost more than $500,000,000 annually. Having done these things, he went fishing in Florida. . . . Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City, New Jersey, last of the old-time political bosses on the Tweed model, justified his recent remark that "I am the law" by forbidding action by CIO organizers within the city.

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The Economic Villain

THERE is no more insistent clamor in the newspapers than that to the effect that the undistributed-profits tax must be modified or repealed in order to encourage capital investment and so restore prosperity. Mere reiteration may convince some people that this contention is sound, but it is doubtful whether many of the newspaper readers, the Congressmen or even the chief advocates of the proposal know much about the tax or its possible economic results.

Let us go back to the reasons why the measure was first suggested. Individuals and partnerships have to pay a normal tax, plus a surtax graduated according to the size of their incomes. Corporations, however, until last year paid a tax that was not graduated—or graduated to only a slight extent. Thus a large source of revenue remained untapped, and corporations had an advantage as compared with businesses owned by individuals and partnerships. It was impractical, however, to apply progressive rates of the ordinary kind to corporate incomes. Such rates depend on the absolute size of a net income; a big corporation earning a large income might actually be making a smaller percentage on its investment, and returning less to its individual stockholders, than a small corporation with a small income.

The surplus-profits tax was adopted primarily as a revenue measure to stop this leak in the tax structure. The ordinary corporation taxes were left substantially as before. But in addition, a surtax was imposed, graduated up to 27 percent at the maximum, not on all profits, but on profits in any year that remain undistributed. It was assumed that if any corporation was making enough so that after paying dividends it could add to its surplus, these extra amounts could be taxed at a progressive rate.

It was, of course, immediately objected that it is the habit of corporations in the United States to expand their businesses by reinvestment of surplus, or to pile up such surplus for use in emergencies. A substantial percentage of capital investment in this country has, over a long period of years, been the result of such "compulsory saving" by corporate stockholders. A tax on additions to corporate surplus might discourage investment. The answer to this objection was that, for a number of reasons that seemed good, the practice of reinvestment out of surplus ought to be discouraged. The use of surplus could be dictated by "insiders" and might result in plums to the favored or unwise investment or investment at the wrong time. But if corporation managements had to sell new securities in order to get new money, they would be obliged to disclose the purpose of their new investments, to be subject to market regulations, and to depend on the judgment of purchasers of the stock rather than their own unchecked plans. Again, if the new tax encouraged more distribution of profits in dividends or wage increases, this would help to sustain the market for consumers' goods and so to favor a stabilized expansion of new investment in the long run. It was absurd to think that the dispensers of capital would keep on investing money just because they had it; the growth of new capital facilities had to depend ultimately upon the sales of the goods the new facilities would make.

Now that we are having a recession in the industries making capital goods, everybody is emphasizing the objection to the new tax, without ever mentioning the answers to the objection. There is no good evidence, so far as we know, to indicate what the actual effects of the surplus-profits tax have been. Has it resulted in largely increased tax revenue out of profits? Has it hampered the reinvestment of the 73 to 100 percent of surplus profit left after the tax? Or has it discouraged the accumulation of corporate surplus altogether, resulting rather in the distribution of more dividends, or even in the payment of higher wages at the expense of profits? We should like to see some figures bearing on these questions before concluding that a scarcity of new investment has been caused by the tax.

It is possible that new investment has not revived, or has fallen off, for quite different reasons. This has been the case many times in the history of the United States, before the tax was ever heard of. It has occurred from time to time in every other capitalist nation, regardless of its system of taxation. It may be, for instance, that the improvement in efficiency that took place during the depression and soon afterwards (when the machine-tool business had a boom supplying more productive equipment) gave industry sufficient productive capacity to supply all the demand for goods that was in sight for the time being. Or it may be that high prices of capital goods discouraged investment. Or it may be that the principal trouble was in the construction industry, which never did depend much on the reinvestment of corporate surplus. It is a marvel how Congressmen and columnists like Walter Lippmann and Dorothy Thompson get off snap judgments on complex economic questions like the surplus-profits tax without ever thinking even of elementary complications like these. They might just as well pontificate about the causes of diseases like cancer or diabetes that are not too well understood by the doctors themselves.

One would expect a corporation manager, when confronted by a need for new capital, to ask himself whether it was better business to reinvest undistributed profits, after paying the tax on them, or to issue new securities and sell them in the market. Ordinarily he could get capital either in one way or the other, provided the corporation was profitable enough to be subject to the tax at all. It ought not to discourage new investment to force him to make this choice. We may admit at once that there are certain exceptions to this rule. Small corporations find it more difficult to make a public flotation of securities. And it is not a good time to sell securities when

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the market is plunging; thus even large new issues may be delayed at such times. Modification of the tax may be desirable on these grounds. But it is still far from certain that the recent lack of new investment, in totals large enough to affect the business situation, can be attributed to either exception. If it can, the right answer might be to improve the capital market in machinery and behavior rather than to abandon a tax desirable on other grounds.

But of course such considerations are far beyond the attention of the pack that is already in full cry after the undistributed-profits tax. They do not care whether it is really a fox or just a drag; they have got the scent and will run until the hunt is over.

The New Masses Is Hurt

IN THAT lively Communist journal, The New Masses, for November 30, there appears a melancholy editorial about The New Republic. The editors of The New Masses are saddened by Willard Price's article, "Japan's 'Divine Mission,'" in our issue of November 17. They announce that The New Republic is "isolationist" and that as part of our "isolationism" we have stooped to printing an article by Mr. Price that defends Japan's present policy in China. They insist that the title of his article "was not intended to be satirical," and that Mr. Price admires Japan's passionate religious spirit. They accuse him of falsifying Japanese history, ask how a defense of "the yellow man's burden" found its way into the pages of The New Republic, and feel that "the political implications in this article are positively indecent in the pages of a progressive journal of opinion."

If it is any comfort to know it, we are just as much surprised at The New Masses as that journal is surprised at us. If some humorless German pedagogue were guilty of such colossal misunderstanding, we should think it only natural; but how in the world did such weird views get into The New Masses? For its benefit, perhaps we had better explain categorically what was, we are sure, clear to our own readers. The New Republic is just as much opposed to Japan's actions in China as is The New Masses, and we have said so over and over again in our pages. Mr. Price's article (which, The New Masses editors may have noticed, was mailed from within Japan) was a striking description of the Japanese state of mind. Could anything be more obvious to an intelligent reader than that a nation which believes its Emperor a god, and feels a divine mission to rule the world, is even more dangerous than one moved solely by economic imperialism? If The New Republic, by printing this article, is condoning the actions of Japan, then we have also condoned Father Divine and Aimee Semple McPherson, whose queer and fanatical religious exhibitions we have also reported. We hope the editors of The New Masses will take a day off, cool down, and get caught up on their sleep.

Bergoff and Rand Go Free

THE KING of strikebreakers, Mr. Pearl Bergoff, and one of his most influential clients, Mr. James H. Rand Jr., won an important victory in the Federal Court of New Haven recently. Bergoff is a familiar name in labor disputes. His business, which has been enormously profitable, is to furnish strikebreakers on an instant's notice. There is no pretense that he operates an employment agency. His object is to break the morale of the striking union.

Such activities have grown into a national scandal. Obviously collective bargaining, or indeed any bargaining at all, is impossible in such an atmosphere. A congressional committee expressly stated that such activities as Mr. Bergoff's made an Act of Congress necessary. On June 24, 1936, the Byrnes Act was passed, which made it unlawful for any person to transport persons across state lines with intent to employ them to obstruct or interfere *in any manner* with peaceful picketing during any labor controversy, *or with the right of organization for the purpose of collective bargaining.* Though these are loose words, nevertheless, construed in the light of the problem before Congress, they express a standard of conduct which should be capable of enforcement. Inevitably, however, the language places much responsibility on the judge to distinguish between bona-fide attempts to maintain normal plant operation and plans involving either terrorism or deceit, primarily aimed at obtaining an unfair advantage in collective bargaining.

The activities of Rand and Bergoff in Middletown would seem a perfect example of the kind of activity which the Act is intended to prohibit. A notorious strikebreaking agency sent men into Connecticut as part of a plan to break the morale of the union. The activities included broadcasting information that the plant was to be dismantled, thus threatening the economic security of the entire community. The plan for breaking the strike included deceit, bad faith and the attempt to influence the press and public opinion and to discourage the workers as to their real strength and bargaining position. The particular methods used have not only been examined and condemned by the National Labor Relations Board, but they have become a familiar part of contemporary labor literature. Before the trial of this case they were justified by no fair-minded person. Now, through an acquittal, Rand and Bergoff are able to assert that these tactics are vindicated. To anyone not concerned with the technicalities in the trial process, this result is shocking. It has therefore become a matter of great public importance to determine whether the fault lies with the Act, or with the Department of Justice, or with the strikers, or with the processes of the Federal Court.

The outstanding feature of the trail was Judge Hincks's charge. A good part of the hour during which the Judge talked most dramatically to the

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jury was spent in condemning government counsel. The conduct of the Special Assistant to the Attorney General was characterized as an attempt "to pollute the stream of justice." The charge conveyed an unmistakable impression that it was Mr. Carr of the Department of Justice and the union pickets who were the actual persons on trial.

We are not in a position to appraise the justice of the condemnation of Mr. Carr. Coming at the time it did, however, it made his conduct appear to be the outstanding issue in the case.

This raises our first query. Why did not the Judge correct Mr. Carr during the trial, if his action deserved it? Why did he not comment on Mr. Carr's tactics at the times these offenses against justice were being committed, rather than waiting to sum them up at the end of the case in a moving appeal to the jury? If the purpose of the trial was to punish the Department of Justice, the charge succeeded.

Our second query arises from the Judge's apparent approval of the use of deceit by employers in labor controversies, and his apparent opinion that the importation of strikebreakers in connection with a plan involving the use of misrepresentation (or as he put it, "bluff") is not within the Act. The Judge said: "It is not illegal under the federal law or any state law that I know of to make a bluff, pure and simple. It is common knowledge that in the process of bargaining . . . the parties commonly begin by demanding an objective that they have no expectation of fully attaining." The particular bluff brought out by the testimony to which this instruction appears to refer was the dissemination by Remington-Rand of false information that it was dismantling its Middletown plant. This was not a bluff which concerned demands of opposing parties engaged in collective bargaining; it was a form of deceit which has no place in collective bargaining.

Our third question is why the government failed to include in its indictment a charge of interference with the right of labor to organize for purposes of collective bargaining. Why did it limit the case to the importation of strikebreakers for the purpose of interfering with the right of peaceful picketing? This limitation apparently had the effect of shifting the entire emphasis at the trial to the issue of whether the pickets were actually peaceful. On this issue, the Judge appeared not to consider importation of strikebreakers in connection with a general campaign of misrepresentation as constituting an obstruction of peaceful picketing, in spite of the bitterness and retaliation such conduct inevitably produces.

These questions demand answers. Those answers cannot come from an appeal in this case because there is no appeal from an acquittal. The questions raised by this case can now be adequately investigated and reviewed only by Congress.

Those questions may be briefly stated. First, should the power of the federal judge to comment on the evidence include trying before the jury the issue of the misconduct of counsel as part of his final instructions? Is it not the proper practice to control the activities of counsel during the trial, leaving to the jury the merits of the controversy rather than the demerits of the attorneys?

Second, is the charge that the Department of Justice violated decent trial ethics in this case justified? This most important question can only be answered adequately by Congress. If Mr. Carr's conduct was such that it can reasonably be characterized as an attempt "to pollute the stream of justice," the Department of Justice should be forced to take immediate action. If, on the other hand, the Judge's characterization is unfair, the Department of Justice itself is entitled to the vindication which such an investigation would give it. Charges of such a serious character by one coördinate branch of the government against another should not be allowed to go unexamined. Someone has acted outrageously in this case. The Department of Justice and the Federal Court are both involved. The public should not be permitted to split into two camps, one believing that there is no justice for labor in the Federal Court, and the other believing that there is no justice for employers in the Department of Justice. A congressional investigation is imperatively needed.

The third purpose of an investigation of the Rand-Bergoff trial should be to determine whether there are not inherent weaknesses in the language of the present statute. Is the term "peaceful picketing" one which makes it possible for a court to shift the entire inquiry at the trial according to its predilections? Should the determination whether picketing is peaceful also determine the defendant's guilt? Should the independent issue of the conduct of the strikers affect the lawfulness of the employer's strikebreaking methods? Finally, should not the statute specifically include within its prohibitions the transportation of strikebreakers for the purpose of intimidating or coercing strikers by force or threats of force or deceit and innuendo?

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Next—Life Insurance

IN THE course of the Senate Railroad Committee's hearings last month, life-insurance-company officers estimated that hundreds of millions of dollars of policy holders' money have been invested by their companies in railroad bonds. The principal insurance executive who testified admitted that about $500,000,000 of this amount is invested in railroad bonds which are now in default. To salvage the sums thus endangered, insurance managements are participating in the reorganization of some two-score bankrupt railroads. It is contemplated that representatives of the insurance companies may be placed on the directorates of some of the roads when they are reorganized. The Senate Committee inquired into the standards of business conduct of these prospective railroad directors. Insurance executives assured the Committee that their representatives would, as railroad directors, adhere to the same principles which insurance directors and officers respect, and that these principles are of the highest.

The Committee put this broad assurance to the test, by asking questions of officers of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and the New York Life Insurance Company who were present:

> Question. Would your insurance company regard it as improper if a medical examiner or doctor before whom an applicant for insurance should come should receive a gift from that applicant?
>
> Answer. Yes. . . .
>
> Question. If a banker who sold securities to the life-insurance company . . . made a substantial gift to an officer of your insurance company . . . would that be regarded as proper or improper?
>
> Answer. Very improper.
>
> Question. . . . Suppose . . . that a banker who sells quantities of securities to your life-insurance company should offer to the head of your life-insurance company a block of stock at less than the market price, substantially less; would that be regarded as proper or improper practice? . . .
>
> Answer. I do not think I care to answer that question. . . .
>
> Question. Suppose that the purchasing vice-president of the Missouri Pacific [Railroad] were offered by a concern selling materials and supplies to it from time to time a substantial block of stock at less than market price; would you, if you were on the board of the Missouri Pacific, or on its finance committee, regard that as improper? . . .
>
> Answer. Yes; I think I would. . . .
>
> Question. I asked you whether . . . an officer or director of a life-insurance company that did a substantial business with a banking house . . . could properly receive stock from that banking house at a price substantially below the market. . . .
>
> Answer. I assume that would be a matter of each man's individual conscience.
>
> Question. You think the same thing would be true with respect to directors and officers of a railroad company in analogous situations, that it would be a matter of each man's individual conscience?
>
> Answer. I think that is right. . . .
>
> Question. Do you think . . . that in the purchase of supplies and materials it might be appropriate for a director of a railroad company to receive, from an equipment concern or a concern selling supplies or materials, stock at substantially below the market?
>
> Answer. If he were receiving gifts with the idea of influencing his judgment; no.
>
> Question. Will you answer the question?
>
> Answer. I have answered it to the best of my ability. . . .
>
> Question. Let us suppose that the director of a railroad takes at $15 below the market a block of stock from a concern that sells equipment from time to time to that railroad; would you . . . regard that as proper?
>
> Answer. Oh, you are asking a lot of impossible questions.
>
> Question. Do you think that sort of thing never could happen in the business world?
>
> Answer. I don't know but what it happens all over the United States, and I don't know whether it is right or wrong either.
>
> Senator. If it happens with a man in public office he is called a grafter.

The Senate Committee thereupon received evidence that J. P. Morgan and Company, bankers who had sold great quantities of securities to big life-insurance companies and were at the time the leaders in the investment-banking business, had offered blocks of stock to various directors of a number of such companies at about $15 a share below the market price, and the directors had accepted the offer.

This testimony provided only one instance of the ability of some of the big men in the life-insurance business to take care of themselves. Evidence previously uncovered elsewhere showed that a number of life-insurance executives had, as the depression deepened, increased their already princely salaries with princely salary raises.

The insurance-company managements did not show equal competence in taking care of their policy holders. For one thing, the managements, theoretically the servants of 60,000,000 to 70,000,000 holders, have been selling to their far-flung clientele one of the most highly overpriced articles purchased by the public, either in depression or in boom years. The extent of this overpricing may be measured by the yardstick Louis D. Brandeis provided when he created the Massachusetts life-insurance plan. Tested by the scale of charges which this plan has for years demonstrated to be practicable, the big life-insurance companies have been exacting from their policy holders hundreds of millions of dollars per year too

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much. Indeed, as the needs of policy holders for a mitigation of their financial burdens became more urgent during the depression, some of the insurance companies actually increased the cost of life insurance. They went further and extorted from the most necessitous of their policy holders unjustifiable interest charges for loans which many of them were obliged to obtain in order to keep their policies alive. Despite the fact that the policy holders provided as collateral for the loans the savings which they had themselves entrusted to the companies, the latter fixed the interest rate at six percent—although at the very time the companies were unable to lend their money on as good collateral for much more than half the interest rate charged to the policy holders.

To the story of such extortionate practices, and lining of their own pockets by various life-insurance directors and officers, the Senate Railroad Committee last month added disclosures of the incompetence of the life-insurance managements in rescuing imperiled investments of their policy holders' money. The life-insurance executives who were called to Washington were asked to explain what was being done to salvage the money invested in railroad bonds which are now in default. One executive after another displayed uncertainty, ignorance and incompetence. Almost everything, according to their testimony, was a detail and almost every detail had been left by them to the exclusive knowledge and activity of their lawyers. The life-insurance officers were serving on committees to reorganize the railroads in which the public's money has been invested and lost. But as the testimony developed, it appeared that these committees of insurance-company leaders were rushing heedlessly into dangers they knew not of. In case after case, they hurried down to the Interstate Commerce Commission to support what Wall Street insiders or holding-company promoters were trying to put over on the Commission. In case after case, these insurance-company men had no sooner assured the Commission of the practicality and the value of a proposed reorganization than they were obliged to come back and confess that the proposal they had endorsed was unsound.

Finally the Senate Railroad Committee called before it the biggest maharajah of the insurance world, Frederick H. Ecker, head of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. His company is the biggest privately controlled corporation in the United States. It has $4,500,000,000 of policy holders' savings, more than the aggregate assets of thirty-seven of the forty-seven top life-insurance companies in America. Mr. Ecker, its head, is widely recognized as the dean, the sage and the great man of the life-insurance business, the chief in whom the other life-insurance leaders find their future selves mirrored, if only their dreams can come true.

Mr. Ecker, the Senate Committee developed, had helped to reorganize a number of railroads which had gone into receivership. He had been on the boards of directors of many such railroads, railroads in territory from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the state of Florida to the state of Washington. In every such case the benediction of his presence on a railroad directorate might have served as a premonition of disaster—for every one of them subsequently went into the hands of the bankruptcy courts. To borrow from life-insurance terminology, the mortality rate among these companies was just 100 percent.

Mr. Ecker was not the sole participant in such failure to serve the policy holders. Other executives, drawn from the leading half-dozen life-insurance companies, had helped to reorganize railroads which later went into receivership, and had served as directors of railroads which had to go into receivership again.

All apart from any question of the insurance officers' competence in salvaging their companies' railroad investments, their disinterestedness has been called into question. Between the insurance company executives and directors on the one hand, and financiers and the small clique of industrial rulers on the other hand, there is a close association. Many of the life-insurance directors are connected with manufacturers of steel rails, of locomotives and railroad cars, of equipment and material and supplies, which they want to sell to the railroads. These interlocking directorates constitute one more version of what Senator Norris calls "the spider web of Wall Street."

During the recent hearings, light was thrown on the method by which this small clique continues itself in power—continues in power despite excessive charges for loans to policy holders of some of their own money, despite bad investments of their money, despite incompetent service in salvaging the money, despite salary raises when there should be salary reductions, despite waste and extravagance and lining of officials' and directors' pockets. Mr. Ecker, the greatest man in his company, itself the greatest of all the life-insurance companies, was asked how the directors of his company got themselves into a position of such power. His evidence disclosed that at the most recent election of his company, directors were elected by the vote of less than two percent of the policy holders of the company, and even this insignificant percentage had been obtained only because insiders control a strong political organization and the company's powerful election machinery. The management sends proxies to the company's branch offices and, with the help of the vast army of insurance agents, garners in the votes necessary to perpetuate itself in control.

No policy holder, no group of policy holders, would be able to unseat any of these insurance-company managements. Even if protesting policy holders, theoretically the masters of these insurance companies, could get the names and addresses of their fellow policy holders, this information would be useless to anyone seeking to rally them for purposes of reform. To send a single letter to every

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policy holder of Metropolitan Life Insurance Company would cost a protesting group more than $1,000,000, for postage, printing and addressing. In such a fight, the entrenched management would be able to use and to spend the grossly swollen resources of the company, the savings of the policy holders themselves, for propaganda, for advertising, for printing, for mailing of circulars, to beat down any opposition.

The men in control of the Metropolitan Life alone now dominate a larger volume of the public's savings than the entire life-insurance industry had gathered together from the people of this country by the time Charles Evans Hughes conducted his insurance investigation thirty-three years ago. Who in the world of policy holders could stand up against a coterie of insurance directors and officers armed with so great a treasury of the resources belonging to other people? What state legislative committee could really probe to the bottom of the doings of such men?

It is a long time since life-insurance executives have been made to answer questions in public about their conduct of this ubiquitous business. Indeed, until their appearance before the Senate Railroad Committee in November of this year, they had been free from such annoyance for a third of a century. The last time was when a New York State Legislative Committee employed the present Chief Justice of the United States; and the resulting investigation unseated insurance-company managements and started Charles Evans Hughes on the road to fame.

In 1934, the insurance officials were reminded of that far-off time. The grapevine brought the news that the staunch and valiant Senator Fletcher of Florida was planning, with Ferdinand Pecora's help, to probe into their doings. Immediately a lawyer became active in Washington; the usual plausible arguments were disseminated throughout the capitol; the purse strings were pulled tighter to choke off any further activities by Fletcher and Pecora; the threatened investigation was killed. But another inquiry loomed early this year. A resolution was introduced in Albany for a New York State legislative investigation. The life-insurance leaders promptly put that resolution to sleep. The State Superintendent of Insurance appeared before the State Legislative Committee and, with that fine air of impartiality which is so customary in such cases, helped to prolong the peaceful immunity insurance leaders have so long enjoyed.

In November of this year, however, they began to see that they have been living in an unreal paradise. Those who were summoned to Washington in the railroad investigation said little, but even a little was too much. It became evident that beneath a fair-seeming surface lies a great deal that should be cleared out. It became evident that the Hughes investigation of 1904 was a mere trifle compared with what an investigation of the present day would mean. The life-insurance managements of that time were the custodians of less than three billion dollars of the people's savings. Today they are the custodians, the managers, the trustees and the lords of twenty-four billion dollars of the people's savings. Indeed, if the big insurance companies continue to get hold of the people's money at a rate of increase corresponding to that of the last thirty years, in another thirty or forty years a small clique of life-insurance executives and directors will control all the wealth of the United States.

This group has throughout the recent depression enjoyed a charmed life such as no other class of financial leaders in this country has had. The international bankers, who floated foreign government loans in this country, were subjected to a Senate investigation at the very beginning of the depression period. Two years later the Stock Exchange leaders and speculators were grilled. Next in the procession before the congressional investigating committees came the big Wall Street banking firms and the heads of the big Wall Street banks. Next came the holding-company bankers and promoters and the railroad bankers and presidents. The public-utility leaders had their day, too, before congressional and administrative investigating bodies. And the leaders of the telephone industry had to go to Washington to testify. But the life-insurance men, protected by some hidden amulet, remained unmolested in their high towers.

Now the question has begun to circulate among the newspaper men in Washington, among Congressmen and Senators on Capitol Hill, among officials in the administrative departments in Washington, whether the life-insurance executives will at last be called to account—or whether, despite the depression through which the country has passed, despite a second depression in which it may be finding itself, luck and skill and almost untold power will save the princes of life insurance once more.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Cricket Song

All quiet quiet is the night
Closed in by stars and clover scent
The cricket makes it quieter
With the chirp chirp of light lament.

The night is empty. Giant sleep
Treads forth alone and like a mist
Erases sign and rustle while
The cricket-watchman keeps his tryst.

What can be in the bell clear world?
Hawks must rest and the wolf as well;
Now all things cease; but the cricket's chirp
Clinks on and on like the tongue of a bell.

LENORE G. MARSHALL.

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A Fighter for Freedom

This is the portrait that won first prize in The New Republic's "Little Known Fighters for Civil Liberties" contest. We are planning to publish some of the others, either in whole or in part.—THE EDITORS.

DEAD MEN are beyond saving. Mass meetings, resolutions, letters and telegrams of outraged protest cannot give back life to Joseph Shoemaker of Tampa, Florida, who was kidnaped with two of his colleagues and lynched because of his political and union activities and died of the injuries he sustained. But such protests do have meaning, for they can save the lives of martyrs to come and, in the city of Tampa, they may hammer a dent into the armor of the Ku Klux Klan, which was responsible for the murder. This was the job that Frank McCallister, living in the neighboring city of St. Petersburg, set out to do. The Klan had openly violated the most elementary of civil liberties and the murder of McCallister's friend was the lever with which the rotten structure of the Klan might be toppled over. It is now almost two years since Shoemaker died in a Tampa hospital, his back a mass of bloody pulp into which hot tar had been smeared, his leg amputated by physicians in a desperate effort to save his life after the night riders had held him over a fire. No one has been punished yet, and the prosecution of the case has received a dreadful setback in the recent acquittal of the six policemen on trial. It seems doubtful that justice will be attained, but Frank McCallister still presses on.

Millions of Americans know the story of Joe Shoemaker but not the name of the man who has made it possible for them to learn the truth hidden under the palm trees of Florida, where "life at its best is cheapest." McCallister has wisely preferred to work in effective obscurity. He gathers the facts and makes them available to the newspapermen of the nation; he summons to the cause of civil liberty the eloquent voices that are not afraid to speak; he organizes groups of justice-loving citizens, such as the National Committee for the Defense of Civil Rights in Tampa, to spread the sorry truth throughout the country. The reluctant prosecutors, who at first would have been happy to ignore the murder, became aware of the public pressure McCallister had aroused and realized that they were under the surveillance of the people of the whole country. Indictments were handed down and five of the policemen were convicted on charges of kidnaping. They appealed, the higher court delayed, and postponed its decision. McCallister filed a brief with the La Follette committee, organized a group of prominent Tampa citizens who visited the Governor and left with him a memorandum about the case. A few days later the court spoke—conviction reversed. Despite the blow, the fight went on as though it had only begun and McCallister showed no fatigue or discouragement. He visited local editors who were stirred to action by his demands as he spoke with the voice of a public opinion he had created. The Shoemaker case came back into the headlines, the editorial columns grew passionate once more and the defendants were brought to trial for the murder. The jury was allowed to hear only one-third of the state's evidence against the men, the judge directed them to acquit the defendants and obediently they followed their instructions.

Frank McCallister may be unknown to the millions who are still shocked by the verdict the jury has returned, but he is not unknown to the Ku Klux Klan, which curses his name behind its white hood. On the dark lonely street where McCallister lives with his wife and two children, automobiles filled with Klansmen are often parked at night, their headlights turned off, their presence a silent warning. If he walks an unlit street, he must glance over his shoulder to see who follows. If an automobile suddenly draws to the curb where he is standing, he must move hurriedly on.

McCallister still looks like the insurance salesman he once was. A neat, tall figure, carefully dressed, with a good-natured smile, he fills people with confidence and gets the facts they would ordinarily be afraid to reveal. "We'll get in to see the Governor," he says, "even if he doesn't want to see us! Remember, I was once an insurance salesman."

He is not a native Floridian. Born twenty-nine years ago in Illinois, he moved into Florida with his parents during the real-estate boom. The collapse left his family impoverished and his insurance job was their only support—until he was fired for presiding at a public meeting addressed by a Socialist. He lived in New York for a year or two but returned to St. Petersburg in 1933 to fight for the maintenance of Florida's civil liberties. Cuban cigarmakers threatened with deportation because of union activities, Negro turpentine workers held as peons in the northern part of the state, unemployed workers abused because of their demands for relief, citrus pickers terrorized in the orange groves, have had his effective assistance. City councilmen in his own town have heard his protests against Negro discrimination, particularly when they deliberately rejected a federal PWA appropriation that would have provided better housing for Negro citizens.

News of an attack on civil rights spurs him to immediate action, and he is off at once in his battered old car to the scene of activity. On one occasion, a few hours' notice was sufficient to send him scurrying across the state of Miami, where he boarded a plane for Havana in order to save the life of one of Batista's intended victims. In the prejudice-ridden atmosphere of the South, in a community where the Ku Klux Klan controls the public officials and holds open demonstrations in full masked regalia, he wages his energetic campaign for the right of men and women to enjoy "the blessings of liberty."

AARON LEVENSTEIN.

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Jewish Faith—Christian Civilization

IF IN the space of a year it were possible to measure the drift of Jewish fate in Europe, one might say: it has become more clear that that fate is bound up with those of all other minorities. In the great conflict visibly developing among Balkanized and atomized nationalisms repression is an important instrument of pride and power.

The persecuted groups in the population ever more plainly emerge as an instrument to unite the ignorant and the brutal. They are the victims of political bankruptcy irresponsibly riding economic despair. "Show me," a politician in Poland is reported to have said, "in the absence of any genuine political or economic program, a cheaper and easier way of unifying public opinion than by inciting it against the Jews."

The cheapness, at least, of this way is being recognized. Fifty thousand peasants demonstrating in western Galicia last August—of whom some fifty were shot down—carried banners inscribed: "We don't want Jewish stands and shops, we do want land and free elections." And when, at the opening of the university terms this fall, Jewish students were obliged to sit on ghetto benches and therefore preferred to stand during classes, one aged professor, not a Jew, stood with them and the rector of one university in Poland resigned. The anti-Semites do not carry the people with them except sporadically, as a consequence of the most relentless and unscrupulous agitation and incitement. Their game is a losing one unless all of Europe is to go down in flames and ashes.

In Rumania this game is being carried to especially dangerous lengths. Here, where a subsidized anti-Semitic press and widespread agitation make of the so-called "Jewish question" the one paramount issue in the national elections, it is clear that it is the instrument of penetration of the Nazi International. With only 375,000 Jews left in Germany, disfranchised, isolated, terrorized and broken, in a population of more than 67,000,000, it is clear that anti-Semitism is no longer a paramount issue for home consumption. In fact, it is now one of the chief export commodities with which Germany is flooding Eastern Europe. This is clearly demonstrated in Rumania. In that rich and even prosperous land, where five years ago there was no such thing as a dominant or even widespread anti-Semitic press, there are now some forty such dailies and perhaps a hundred such weeklies. The motive in the anti-Semitic campaign in Austria is to have that country fall like a ripe apple into Germany's lap. In Rumania, it is intended to win the country over to Germany's side in the political alignments now in process of formation. Wherever, from outside Rumania, the funds for these publications originate, it is clear that a circulation of 40,000 daily will not pay for a twelve-story building in the center of Bucharest costing upwards of $400,000. In Rumania too, the 800,000 Jews, in a population of 18,000,000, are pawns in a diplomacy that chooses to ignore internal problems in favor of pauperizing and degrading a helpless minority in the name of "solving the Jewish problem."

Elsewhere in Europe it is possible to find variants on the dominant theme. In Latvia, for example, where the dictatorship of Ulmanis glides on roller bearings, and there are no incidents in the street or any untoward remarks in the press, the exclusion and elimination of Jews goes on apace. The professions are closed to Jews. In a Jewish hospital in Riga of 200 beds, run with the precision and cleanliness of a first-class institution in any large city of the world, there are 25 young doctors, 5 of them internes and 20 of them volunteers for the sake of the hospital experience inaccessible elsewhere.

Of these twenty-five young doctors only two are licensed to practise in Latvia, not because they are incompetent but because, on one pretext or another, it has been made impossible for them to pass the prescribed examinations even though they have studied at foreign universities and there acquitted themselves with credit. In the field of industry, with export and import dependent upon government license and control increasingly passing into the hands of monopoly companies sanctioned by the government, exclusion of Jews from all avenues of self-support is progressive and rapid. That does not mean that the economy of this or any other dictatorship is on a solvent basis. There were rumors in Riga last October of an impending devaluation of the lat. In Latvia, as in Lithuania, in Poland, Rumania and elsewhere, anti-Semitism becomes a patent-medicine solution of all economic problems.

These developments are symptomatic of the disease ravaging a considerable part of the world today. It threatens to devour not merely minorities but every vestige of those qualities which have made life to the European livable and desirable.

Because of their dispersion, because of the anti-Jewish tradition which the Church has played such a part in creating and maintaining, because, too, of the absence of a powerful state to intervene in their behalf, of the peculiar customs of large groups among them and of their convenience to all governing groups seeking a whipping boy and a scapegoat, the Jews above all minorities in the world today are victims of the world disease.

But, as more and more enlightened people and groups in Europe today are coming to know, the disease, having claimed these victims, will not stop. Beyond their extermination, if they are to be wiped

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out, lies the threat of such a struggle for power, such ruthless, cruel and inhuman brutality, as even the darkest annals of the Middle Ages cannot parallel. It was because liberals in Germany believed Hitlerism would touch, not them, but only the Jews, that so many were indifferent to its rise and growth.

We have intimations of the nature of the coming struggle, furnished by the fighting in Spain and in China. These open sores are symptoms of one and the same disease which is threatening the very existence of some six or seven million Jews on the continent of Europe. Ask one of the agitators who would drive 3,500,000 Jews out of Poland, Where are they to go? and he will answer that that is not his concern. You will receive the same answer concerning the 800,000 Jews in Rumania from one of the agitators in that land.

The Position of the Jews in Europe [1]

Country	*General Population*	*Jewish Population*	*Restrictions on Jews*	*Economic and Social Situation of Jews*
Germany	67,000,000	375,000	Germany is the only country in which Jews are discriminated against by a body of law which specifically names them. Jews are held to be not part of the "German community" and therefore have neither civil nor political rights. Boycott and exclusion of Jews from education and professions, arts, and increasingly from every employment in commerce and industry, is part of the official government program. It is the expressed intention of the government to extirpate the 375,000 Jews remaining in Germany, and the laws, their judicial interpretation and execution, as well as extra-legal activity, are directed to this end.	It is becoming increasingly difficult to maintain even a minimum of educational and social-welfare activity. Many small communities have been wiped out. Poverty and despair are increasing in the larger cities. Jews are more and more isolated and deprived of all normal human contacts. Some 125,000 are estimated to have fled Germany since 1933. The age level of those who remain is rapidly rising.
Austria	6,759,062	190,000	The boycott against Jews in the professions and in business is unofficial, quiet and intensive. Any juncture with Nazi Germany would have dire consequences for the Jewish minority.	Approximately 175,000 of the 190,000 Jews in Austria are concentrated in Vienna, where poverty is desperate among professional and former middle-class as well as among working people.
Belgium	8,092,004	63,000	Jews enjoy full equality.	Rexist movement not important as yet but, like all fascism, has strong anti-Semitic tendencies.
Bulgaria	6,090,215	47,000	No official persecution against Jews in Bulgaria, although the government intervenes in Jewish community affairs, controlling Jewish schools and community budgets.	Strong anti-Semitic movement. Educational opportunities limited.
Czechoslovakia	14,729,536	380,000	Jews enjoy full freedom. No racial prejudices in government circles. Anti-Semitic propaganda checked by law.	Anti-Semitic movements affect earning power of Jews in German-speaking sections. There are desperately impoverished groups in sub-Carpathia.
Denmark	3,550,656	7,100	Jews enjoy full equality.	
Estonia	1,126,383	4,500	No official discrimination. Jews still retain officially their cultural autonomy.	
Finland	3,667,067	1,750	Jews enjoy full equality. Anti-Semitic propaganda punishable by law.	
France	41,834,923	230,000	Jews enjoy full freedom and equality.	Fascist efforts to sow anti-Semitism have achieved only negligible results.
Great Britain	46,178,884	340,000	Jews enjoy full freedom and equality.	A fascist movement under Oswald Mosley directed against Jews has met strong opposition from labor and from all liberal forces in the nation.
Greece	6,204,684	98,000	Jews not officially discriminated against.	In recent years Jews have been made a political football, and have been exposed to physical attack. Anti-Semitism is an issue, though the Jews are strongly defended by public men and sections of the press.

[1] These population figures are approximate only—in some instances estimates. In some countries there has been no recent census.

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Happily the answers to these questions, and to others now dominant in the world, are not entirely left to agitators and politicians. Workers and peasants, despite scurrilous propaganda and misinformation, despite paid agitators and provoked riots, are coming to a sense of the realities in the situation. It is true that in Rumania, for example, even Mihalache, the peasant leader, bowed to the anti-Semitic storm by saying that the Jewish question must be "solved." But this is merely testimony to the thoroughness of the widespread network of propaganda that has been cast over the land. No political party can escape this net without losing votes, though Grigor Iunian, former Minister of Justice and leader of the radical National Peasant Party, as well as some other public men in Rumania, has vigorously attacked the hounding of minorities.

THE POSITION OF THE JEWS IN EUROPE (Continued)

Country	*General Population*	*Jewish Population*	*Restrictions on Jews*	*Economic and Social Situation of Jews*
Holland	8,392,102	115,000	Jews enjoy full freedom and equality. Propaganda of race hatred prohibited and punishable by law.	Because of the proximity of Germany, the refugee problem is urgent. There is a well defined, aggressively "stimulated" anti-Semitic movement in Holland.
Hungary	8,688,349	440,000	The government does not interfere with anti-Semitic activities. Officially Jews are not persecuted.	Anti-Semitism is strong. Agitation has increased since Hitler's advent to power. There is a definite *numerus clausus* in the universities.
Italy	41,176,671	52,000	No discrimination against Jews.	Anti-Semitic utterances have become more frequent since the ties with Germany have been closer, but there have been no overt acts.
Jugoslavia	13,934,038	70,000	Nazi centers of anti-Jewish propaganda closed by the police.	Strong anti-Semitism exists.
Latvia	1,900,045	97,000	Jews are excluded from the legal professions, although not by law, and monopolies with government backing are progressively driving them from industry.	A quiet anti-Semitism is strong in both Latvia and Lithuania. In both countries there is extreme poverty among the Jews.
Lithuania	2,340,038	177,500	All Jewish teachers' seminaries are to be closed. Jews are excluded from the professions. No official restrictions.	
Norway	2,814,194	1,400	Jews enjoy full freedom and equality.	
Poland	31,927,773	3,150,000	Exclusion of Jews from employment; extension of government monopolies and peasant coöperatives from which Jews are excluded; denial of credit to Jews by the government banking system; rigid *numerus clausus* in universities; official toleration of boycott agitation; progressive withdrawal of official support from Jewish social and welfare agencies—form part of the effort to force Jewish emigration. Strong opposition to anti-Semitism by peasants and workers is developing.	Masses of Jews impoverished. Over a million are literally starving, two million others desperately struggling against overwhelming odds to sustain life. Boycott in some communities amounts almost to "hunger blockade," preventing even purchase of necessary food. The widespread economic war against Jews breaks out in sporadic acts of violence, even murder, in many localities.
Portugal	6,825,883	2,600	No discrimination.	
Rumania	18,025,037	1,050,000	The *numerus clausus* approximating the *numerus nullus* in Rumanian universities. Administrative pressure accomplishes exclusion of Jews when legal sanction is lacking. "Revision of citizenship" may make thousands of Jews stateless.	Extreme poverty throughout northern Rumania, especially Bessarabia. Universal boycott accompanied by sporadic acts of violence is intensifying desperate condition of Jews throughout the land.
Russia	165,000,000	3,000,000	Jews enjoy full equality. Anti-Semitic agitation is a punishable offense.	A quarter of a million Jews have been settled on farms in the Ukraine and the Crimea through the Agro-Joint, an offshoot of the Joint Distribution Committee working with the consent and coöperation of the government. The entire economic basis of Jewish life has been shifted to farming, handwork and productive occupations.
Sweden	6,141,571	7,200	Jews enjoy freedom and equality.	
Switzerland	4,066,400	17,600	Jews enjoy freedom and equality.	A well marked anti-Semitic movement, stimulated from outside sources, has not gained power.

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Among Jews themselves, the mood even in pogromized districts is not one of the despair one might expect. Smashed windows, wrecked and looted homes and shops, men and women in hospitals, do not cause entire populations to flee and swell the tide of misery in the cellars of large cities. On the contrary, aided and encouraged as they have been since the terrors of the World War years, by organized help sent through the American Joint Distribution Committee, these populations in Poland return to their posts. They subscribe to the loan societies which keep 100,000 families self-supporting. They support medical aid, child care, schools, trade training.

In one town at least, Przytyk, which was pogromized last year, new industries were set up, the relations with the peasants were resumed and when, this year, the anti-Semitic agitators again sought to do their mischief the peasants themselves rose up and threw them out of the town.

Similar conditions prevail in many places. Peasants will go secretly and by night, stealthily to the back doors of Jews with whom they and their people have always dealt, in order to continue their mutually advantageous dealings. The bullies who beat and smash and rob and maim are most often imported. They are sent from Posen to Galicia, from one end of Poland to another. They do not represent local sentiment. Up to the very moment of their appearance on market days relations between Jews and peasants will continue amicable. It was told me, not without relish, by one Jew in Poland, how, by paying the bullies a few cents more per day than they were receiving from the anti-Semites, they had been bought off from their work of destruction. The 200 Jewish families in one town were warned by a Christian friend of an impending raid, and fled for two days to the woods, to return to the wreckage of their homes and shops.

The Jews too are taking such steps as are in their power to meet the heavily weighted odds against them. Young people flock to trade schools. Older people turn to handwork—to textile weaving, furniture and cabinet making, farming, dairying, other forms of productive manual work—wherever it is available. The settlement of 250,000 Jews on farms in the Ukraine and the Crimea and their wholesale adoption of handicrafts would have demonstrated, had such a demonstration been needed, that the preponderance of Jews in commerce was the consequence of political and historic conditions not the result of anything inherent in the Jewish people.

Meanwhile, with a courage that has much of fatalism and something of profound faith, millions of Jews in Europe stand their ground under conditions that would break the courage of any other people less inured to persecution, poverty and hardship. There is no question of ousting 3,100,000 of them, or even a respectable fraction of that number, from Poland; or of driving out 1,000,000 from Rumania. Even if such an exodus were conceivable or possible, it would irretrievably ruin the lands from which these populations fled.

The propaganda which looks toward such an exodus is recognized everywhere by sane men, Jewish and Christian alike, for the delusive political poison that it is. It is on this issue, among many others, that liberal Europe is becoming increasingly clear in its mind. On such clarity depends not so much the fate of the 6,000,000 Jews of Europe as the future of what we, substituting our hopes for our sense of present realities, have been pleased to call civilization. HERBERT J. SELIGMANN.

ANTI-SEMITISM AT WORK

Illustrated below are three characteristic examples of the anti-Semitic propaganda with which Central and Eastern Europe are being flooded today. They originate, of course, in Nazi Germany and its allied groups in other countries. The three specimens shown here happen to come from Hungary, where I obtained them a few weeks ago from the "Arrow-Cross." The one on the left is entitled in the original, "The Real Rulers of Soviet Russia." The central drawing carries the caption, "Will the European Peoples Destroy This Red Monster?" while the one on the right is entitled, "The True Face of the Soviets."—HENRY C. WOLFE.

Szovjetoroszország igazi urai.

Európa népei mikor fojtjátok meg már a vörös kigyót?

A SZOVJET IGAZI ARCA.

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Mrs. Flibbity's Case History

Board of Childs Welfare;
Dear Madame;

I would like my friend Mrs. Jones, to apply to you for a mother's pension check. She lives in the flat under me. I know her well. I have read a lot of the magazines you throw out in your office when I clean. If I had went on to school and took a colege course I would be a social worker myself instead of general cleaning. So I made out a history of Mrs. Jones like I know you do it. You can trust me. All is truth. Good and bad both. Yrs. Sincerely, Mrs. Flibbity.

Mrs. Jones, Her Home.

It is all right only damp and unhospitable. Which is due to water in cellar and only small pump and not her fault. (Landlords.) The furniture has seen the wear and tear of older children which are now grown up but still give an air of friendliness. When I first knew her not so clean, but now home has a different attitude floors cleaner so I can recommend same.

The mother.

This mother migrated from her own nationality which was German at an early age. She came to this country a orphan and remained a orphan. But not a German, as she became civilized when married according to the then laws of the U.S.A. of America. Her husband was bred and born here which made her. This mother has had one piece of bad luck on top of each other without remission. I would recommend her for a check.

Physics. condition.

This mother is taking iron inoculations through the Doctor. Pale and white. She says to tell you she feels better, her only trouble now is nerves. She is a grandmother of four and this makes her show her leaning years sometimes. As well as no blood at all. I must state also contracts her eyes funny straining hard which is noticable. Evidently nervous. Also teeth few and far between. Dentist needed.

The father. (dead)

These parents were married in good faith and had eight children. He was a good enough providor till they put him to work in ditches all the time and it got in his legs. He then got acute indigestion and mean spasmodicaly. He then began to lose his normal reasons. This father then died of a argument. It fractured his skull.

Bills ect.

It now being summer the vegetable garden is setting the table for them but when winter is here this will not be so. This mother got her insurance paid finally. While good people nevertheless, they did not lay up anything but children which if ambitious to do so is doubted by some, bills are staring her in the face continually and makes her nervous.

The kids.

Billy. A Boy. 15 yrs. O.K. No chronic ailments only his disposition. If not for ditches would say maybe he gets it from his father. But in ditches how? (P.S. He needs a new pair of pants pretty quick. Size 18 yrs.)

Jennie. A Girl. 14 yrs. She has been sick, she had a more or less sore throat. Doctor thought maybe she had an appendix so they took her to hospital where it all turned out to be tonsils. Removed.

Edward. A Boy. 12 yrs. He looked peaked last week to me but yesterday some better. (Mum to you. I would say Eddie needs a mental clinic bad though she says she thinks they are bunk. Not so me. This boy has ideas only disconnected and bad marks. I think he would like to be a gentleman of leisure hours which is not safe in these days as well you know. And hard on his poor mother.)

Mary. A Girl. 10 years. In spite of awkward ways and red hair and freckles she has a nice personality and gets good marks. O.K.

Jimmy. A Boy. 8 yrs. (T.B.?) Maybe. The Doctor gave him a good exam she says to tell you but not Xray. This boy walks lame. She says the Doctor says the cord should be cut in the calf.

(The next was a miss, 5 mo. Sex not told to her.)

Gertie. A Girl. 2 yrs. This kid still not broken. Otherwise a nice child though smelling at times. Natural.

Micel None.

Ver.

I told her to get a copy of her mar. cer. so she wrote. She has not heard from her mar. cer. yet Expects to. Says its there. (She has worn a ring always.) The kids were born allright because it was in this city; cerfi. of same to be got.

Religion.

None to speak on. (Just Sunday-school around Xmas time. Before holidays.) Last year the Sal. Army forgot them with a basket so they are trying the Meth. church next.

Relief.

From city—beans. 2 bags coal. macaroni. beans. 1 pk. wood. can tomatoes. coffee. beans. canned milk. beans. From Fed. ref. Dress. (no shape at all)

Relatives.

All bums. Don't expect nothing here she says. She says she scorns them all. Also they her.

Recomend.

Faith hope and charity and God have mercy on her. I can say no more. She needs them bad.

Sinc. yrs. Mrs. Flibbity.

P.P.S.

I have just got word. Kids out of school it seems they have all got the scarlet fever and the mother grip. Undoubtedly enough excuse. Will hold case till scales are off so you won't get it. I cannot do cleaning till let out. This is terrible. Tho not my fault.

P.P.P.S. Or is it typhoid which has scales?

Mrs. F.
per Caroline Slade.

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Shoot the Works

Hunting the Wild Waterwagon with Flask and Elbow—Never Again, or Mr. B. Loves the Woods—Howevver . . .

I MUST apologize to the estate of John Greenleaf Whittier, for after years of scorn I find myself wedded to the New England winter. It began as a shotgun union. The decision to keep the house open through December was part of a program of tapering off which I have pursued for many years. Fortitude is a fox and the high bars of the town oft impede the hunter. Life is more noble along the ridges of Connecticut.

But when one has a mission in the city he should be able to scurry in and then return no worse for the expedition. Getting away from Garcia should only be half as hard as finding him. And so when Connie left me at the station I felt chagrined that her last words should be, "Remember, Commander, no bending of the elbow."

Indeed, I swung my lofty dudgeon around on one wheel and retorted, "I have already told you that I am going to the editorial offices of The New Republic to make a timid proffer of some poisoned paragraphs and I will catch the next train back. Did I mention the Albatross Club or any single hideaway along the treacherous coast of Fifty-second Street? I distinctly said The New Republic which, as you ought to know, is a journal of opinion."

And I did go directly from Grand Central to my goal, more or less expecting that, on account of the lateness of the hour, I would find no editors at home and be compelled to shove my masterpieces under the door. The office was open but there was no subdued hum of clashing minds in conference or the clatter of opinion racing across the friendly keys. I turned and headed home when a cordial voice cried out for me to tarry. In a cubicle to my right sat two of the younger editors and one of them said, "Come on in, Mr. B., we're splitting a quart of rye."

You could have knocked me over with the editorial page of The Herald Tribune. "What goes on?" I thought to myself. Never in my long association with The Nation do I remember either gin or whiskey being offered to a contributing associate. No, not even in the days when Oswald Garrison Villard was the man on the bridge. And so with nostalgic piety I replied, "I'm sorry, I'm tapering off."

"Don't worry about that," answered the younger of the two young editors, "we've only got a pint left."

Well, we killed the pint and the literary reputation of Sinclair Lewis, and then one member of the quartette produced a flask of scotch from his hip and the six of us shared it. An hour later the whole dozen of us decided to go out to a café together and finish the discussion of the trial of Trotsky.

When I arrived at the door of the little farm on Hunting Ridge the envious rooster across the road set up a caterwauling. Connie woke to say severely, "A journal of opinion!"

"Well, what about it?" I asked belligerently. "Haven't I got a right to talk politics?"

"You have slits for eyes," she replied with complete irrelevance, and since we seemed to be getting nowhere I tried to shift the mood by saying not unwittily, "But have you ice for Schlitz?" That didn't work and so it all ended with my promising to mail my copy and stay away from Jack and Charlie's and The New Republic.

In the beginning it seemed a hard regime because sometimes one meets very interesting people at Jack and Charlie's—Ernest Boyd and authors and a dramatic critic named Mr. Montgomery who likes everything. I took up wood-chopping reluctantly. But now the life has got me. There is nothing in the world to be compared with getting up at eleven in the morning and hiking out to the forest to tear down a couple of white birches for firewood. It is even better when you can find defeated timber which you can just push over. Then there comes the business of sawing the tree into logs of appropriate length for the open hearth. Sometimes the task seems beyond my strength, but at such times I just christen the tough trunk General Johnson and go after it with an axe. It really isn't so hard to turn the General into kindling once you get familiar with the grain.

Between my lumbering activities I try to drive repainted golf balls across the pond. That old swimming hole is going to have a nice pebbly bottom by next spring. But the nights are the best of all. Just before going to bed I do my roadwork, which consists of walking the length of my property and back again, leaving me all in a lather. The moon is bright and the air is bracing and sometimes I can get one of the California night clubs on the radio. I sit before the open fire and sneer at the far-away folk who crowd into stuffy rooms and pay a cover charge to hear "Have You Met Miss Jones?" My own past life seems even farther away than the Hollywood hot spots. I never expect or want to tune it in again.

My only fear is that I may become too woodsy. Possibly I ought to dash in to The New Republic just once in a while to let my hair down and keep from going completely primitive. I wouldn't want to be known as Mowgli Broun and become a Boswell to the Banderlog. And so I have left word that I am to be tapped for the town the moment anybody sees me talking to the woodchucks on the hill or charming the birds.

Fortunately we are not wholly frontier folk, although practically all the softies along the ridge have left their farms and returned to their penthouses. However, a covered wagon sometimes comes along. Only last night, when I was walking and rejoicing in the solitude, a car drew up and the driver said, "This is just the life you ought to be leading." I thanked him cordially although I had no idea whether he was a stranger or my better nature. "Yes, for a man who does your type of work," said the chance acquaintance, "there could be no more ideal situation. You need to get away from things. You need to think. That's vital for any man doing your type of work."

It was pretty dark and I had no notion whether he took me for my neighbor Deems Taylor, or Gene Tunney who lives around the bend. But I kept thanking him just the same and he finally said, "I've got a nice bottle of scotch here. What do you say we split it?"

When I got in the car and he put on the light it turned out that he had taken the wrong road and that he was really looking for Hendrik Willem Van Loon. By that time it was too late for him to do anything about it. But

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Connie, upon my returning, was distinctly puzzled and perturbed. She wanted to know, "What's that New Republic doing way up here? Why don't they split their opinions among themselves?" HEYWOOD BROUN.

Washington Notes

Will Dies Lead the Conservative Democrats?—Plan to "Rescue" Roosevelt—Joe Kennedy, Potential Bluff-Caller

CONGRESSMAN Martin Dies of Orange, Texas, is blond, big and hearty. He stands six feet three, with immense shoulders and fists. He has a sharp, cracker-barrel wit. Much of the time he sprawls on the slippery, black-leather settees of the House cloakrooms, flinging rude jokes at the left-wing House members. Every school has a boy something like Mr. Dies—the school gang leader. Mr. Dies originated the now famous Demagogues' Club, whose members are pledged to vote in favor of all appropriation bills, and against all taxes. He is the Club's self-selected president. Born on November 5, 1901, he is now thirty-six. He was first elected to Congress in 1930, when he was barely twenty-nine, and for a period he was the House "baby."

Backed by the patronage of Vice President Garner, Mr. Dies had a rapid rise to a seat on the all-powerful Rules Committee. At the last session, he was one of five Southern Democrats who blocked the wages-and-hours bill. Two weeks ago, Mr. Dies made a thirty-minute speech before the House. Ostensibly it was to justify the inaction of the Rules Committee, but it was a great deal more than that. It contained a closely reasoned, ingenious plan by which the conservatives were to take control of the Democratic Party. It was, moreover, a scarcely veiled bid on the part of Mr. Dies himself for the conservative Democratic leadership. As he finished, the House chamber burst into wild, spontaneous applause. Observers here have been inclined to regard Mr. Dies as a buffoon. But, with his speech of two weeks ago, baby grew up. He is someone whom liberals need to watch.

The titular Democratic leadership in the House—Messrs. Bankhead, Rayburn and O'Connor—is unquestionably on the conservative side. But all three men have sponsored New Deal measures, and their conservatism is obviously not of the unshrinkable, sun-fast kind. With the extraordinary hardening of the line between conservatives and liberals that has taken place during the last few months, it is probably inevitable that new men should be thrust forward. *Ecce* Mr. Dies. He may blow up in the next few months, but for the moment he is the likeliest reactionary leader of the House in sight.

From Mr. Dies and his brother conservatives it is possible to obtain a reasonably exact statement of their program. They begin with Hitler-like praise of racial homogeneity. They say that they should not be called the "Southern" bloc, that they have the support of nearly all small-town and rural Congressmen—in short, all "Americans" of "American blood." Their enemies are the men from the big cities—chief of whom, of course, is Senator Wagner of New York. The big cities are politically controlled by foreigners and transplanted Negroes, and their representatives in Congress have introduced insidious foreign influences into the New Deal. The Dies group claims that in an out-and-out division within the Democratic membership of the House, it would have a minimum of 265 votes, and the liberals or foreigners, no more than 50.

There is nothing novel about reaction's taking the form of xenophobia. What is worth noting about the Dies group is its attitude toward Mr. Roosevelt. To quote Mr. Dies, "Mr. Roosevelt has tried to he'p the common man and woman," which is likewise the aim of the Dies group. However, it seems that Mr. Roosevelt has been misled by his insidious foreign advisers. Thus the slogan of the Dies group that the President must be saved from his false—*i.e.*, liberal—friends. These false friends have brought his second administration into peril. The Dies group must rescue it, and transform it into a "success." "Success" means the repeal or modification of many of the New Deal measures.

Very skillfully, the Dies group bases itself on the need for a balanced budget—this despite the fact that probably a majority of rural Democratic Congressmen are congenital inflationists. They deliberately mean to use the supposed necessity for budget-balancing to reduce relief expenditures, and to whittle away appropriations for the chief New Deal agencies, beginning with the National Labor Relations Board. They believe that Mr. Roosevelt will not dare put himself in the position of opposing a congressional gesture toward economy. They believe that in this way they can drive a wedge between the President and the House liberals, since the latter will be bound to fight such a program. They think that little by little they can force the liberals completely outside the Democratic Party.

In his speech of two weeks ago, Mr. Dies revealed his strategy in explicit terms:

> . . . I want to know how many liberals are going to go with the President along this rugged [budget-balancing] path. (Applause.) . . . When we are called upon by our President to stand hitched, to pay up, to cut expenditures, to balance the budget, I am wondering how many self-styled liberals will be found there when the roll is called. (Laughter and applause.)

Once a break between Mr. Roosevelt and the congressional liberals is achieved, perhaps over next term's appropriations, perhaps over a tax-relief bill, there will clearly be nothing to prevent the Dies group from voting for farm subsidies with great generosity.

Mr. Dies furnishes somewhat startling proof that history repeats. His father was a Congressman from Texas during the two Wilson administrations, and was one of a group that broke with Mr. Wilson over the League of Nations, with the plea that it was trying to save him from insidious foreign advisers. Mr. Dies the Younger was his father's secretary during those days, and is wholly conscious of the parallel between his father and himself. His speech of two weeks ago closed with praise of his father's sagacity and patriotism.

To left-wing observers here, the rumored selection of Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy as peacemaker between the New Deal and the public-utility systems is less of a disaster than it appears on its face. Mr. Kennedy is unsympathetic with

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many New Deal aims, and as chairman of the Maritime Commission has been hysterically anti-labor. On the other hand, he has shown himself to be a preternaturally sharp, realistic administrator. He was eager to rebuild the merchant marine, yet his recent report on the shipping industry was, in many respects, as painstaking an indictment of American private ownership as a full-blown Marxian government could have made. Observers believe that Mr. Kennedy, from pride in his reputation as a bargainer, will refuse to be taken in by greasy promises from the utility systems. Since they think that the offer of the utilities to spend billions in new extensions is at least partly bluff, they will be delighted if Mr. Kennedy is the one who calls it.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Mystery Thriller—Who Let High Prices Loose? —The Cops Are Called, the Finger Points—Can He Be Guilty?

THERE is a killer loose in society. He is devouring recovery. The President says it is High Prices. He wants to know who let this monster loose. He is about to raise the *posse comitatus*. The theme of the thriller is—who unloosed High Prices on our frightened society? The investigation is about to begin.

Like everybody who reads the crime news in the newspapers I have my own theory about this crime. I have a deep suspicion. But I think this mystery story should be told in the most approved manner so that at the end, just before the curtain goes down, the real criminal will be turned up—of course the very last person you would suspect.

And so the drama opens with our great and good President denouncing high prices and the usual flatfoot—from the Federal Trade Commission—arriving on the scene to look things over.

Now we have to go back to 1933. In a big house in Washington which shall be nameless, save that it is not painted black, a very important person armed with great power sits at a desk. The walls of his office are covered with charts and before him is a host of admiring newspapermen.

This mysterious character has just found out that there is a thing called economics and he has suddenly become a master of the science. Twice a week this mystery man has the newspapermen, known as "scribes," into his office and he delivers lectures to them on the new science.

He explains that we produce too much and he shows on the charts how we keep on making more shoes than we need—or rather than we can sell, which is the important thing. All we have to do to bring prosperity back is to make fewer shoes—make shoes scarce—and the price will go up. That will make more profit for the shoe manufacturers; they will put plenty of people to work and all will be happy again. So it must be with all things. We must produce less in a world where thus far we have never produced enough.

Who was that man? But we must wait. By a curious coincidence, at this very time, a wild and tumultuous organization of night-riders known as the NRA was ranging the woods rounding up the makers of shoes and clothes and pants and even pants-pressers and forcing them to sign agreements to get together to get prices up—to cut down production, limit competition—do everything that would raise prices. And so prices began to rise.

Can there be any connection between our mystery man and this NRA? At the same time the Sherman anti-trust law was practically abolished by Congress to enable everybody to combine to get prices up. Getting prices up became a kind of religious and patriotic duty. Several people were put in jail for refusing to comply.

Of course as a result of all this prices started up. Then one day—October 23, 1933—this same mysterious man went on the air. The whole nation listened breathlessly to his inspired words. The man on the air said to the people: "I am not satisfied either with the amount or the extent of the price rise, *and it is definitely a part of our policy to increase the rise* and extend it to those products which have as yet felt no benefit. *If we cannot do this one way we will do it another. Do it we will.*"

It begins to look as if we were on the trail of the villain. The curtain rises on another act. It is October 11, 1934. A citizen is sitting at his breakfast table reading The New York Times. His wife has just been telling him she has got to have more money for marketing. "Do you remember that strange man we heard on the air who said he was going to get prices up? Well, I don't know whether he is the one who did it, but they certainly have gone up. When he made that threat sirloin steak was selling for 25 cents and now it's 45 a pound. Porterhouse was 29 and now it's 49. You could buy loin pork for 12½ cents and now it's twice that."

There is a brief silence as the husband goes back to his Times. Suddenly he utters a crashing oath and sweeps the dishes off the table. "Hell!" he cries. "That guy's in again. Listen to this: 'He [the mystery man] emphasized his belief that prices should go higher. He said he believed that prices had advanced materially *but they should go higher still.*'"

And they went higher. They kept it up until recently. The whole neighborhood is in alarm now and wants to know who is responsible. And at this moment the great and good President, friend of the forgotten man, steps on the stage and demands that the police be called in. He looks around very much surprised and says to all the people who are crowding on the stage, "Would you believe it, prices have gone up." "Are you telling us?" yells the angry crowd. "They have indeed and I have sent for a cop to find out who did it," says the President.

It is time for the final curtain and we have no time to go into further details of the play. But the cop arrives with a bunch of clippings, speeches, laws and executive orders in his hands. He patiently explains it all to the muttering crowd and then, in a scene of unrivaled dramatic intensity, cries:

"Arrest that man!" pointing to whom? To whom do you think?

Why to the mystery man who turns out to be the very last person you would suspect—the very man who sent for the cop—the President of the United States.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

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Slightly Ghosts

The American Negro Ballet. Lafayette Theatre, November 21, 1937.

The Ghost of Yankee Doodle, by Sidney Howard, Guild Theatre, November 22, 1937.

THE FIRST section of the American Negro Ballet's program consisted of some sketches out of Negro life or material, some more or less Isadora Duncan and one number in angelic virgin group posing in the manner of, shall we say, Martha Graham's assistants. A single composition—"Fire Bird Suite," based on Russian effects and Stravinsky's music—made up the second part of the entertainment. This was nothing if not ambitious on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Von Grona, who for two years have schooled this dancing company. The evening dwindled from promise and possibility to disappointment.

Nevertheless there was plenty to think about, what with this attempt by Negro dancers to deal with the full forms and styles of what we might call the international dancing of our day. And Mr. James Weldon Johnson's address before the second part of the program needs discussion.

Mr. Johnson, after first stating his belief in the cultural processes and fruits as a means for bringing the races into better understanding, went on to speak of the vast extent to which Negro music and dancing had spread through the country. He then, and not without a hint of testiness, pointed out that people in general spoke of Negro music, acting or dancing as acknowledged accomplishments, but that most people, while taking this for granted, seemed to think it was all done by intuition. About such an attitude there is, he said, a certain amount of condescension. And if I remember rightly he said there was also condescension in the argument that the Negro should stick to his own material, style, etc. That second part of the program, he hoped, these compositions based on Bach and Stravinsky, might serve to prove otherwise, etc. As it happened, the Bach somehow got left out entirely, and the Stravinsky "Fire Bird Suite" proved to be only an argument against Mr. Johnson's claims.

That, however, is not the point here, which is to try and sift an unfortunate turn or so from Mr. Johnson's remarks, and get a little closer to fundamentals. You cannot blame Mr. Johnson for resenting condescensions or refusing to be kept within jazz or any other forms generally associated with the Negro talent. But—

In the first place "intuition" is, as we all know, a very loose term, and there is no telling just where the line may fall between what is usually called intuition and what is called intellectual effort. To speak of the Negro in some art as getting good results intuitively is not necessarily any reflection; that depends on who is talking. It may even be crediting him with a rich, upwelling resource for artistic creation. And not everybody, intuition or no intuition, thinks Negroes are good actors. I for one have rarely found them so, I mean in the art as we practise it. They are apt to have certain as it were instrumental qualities, voice, relaxation in movement, a vividness that is partly their own and partly due to the fact that audiences are not yet fully used to seeing them on the stage in serious acting —sometimes from this same cause a certain appeal of exoticism, even, may arise. All this, in cases where the player is not acting at all, is often mistaken for acting. It may be indeed more interesting than a good deal of acting that is acting, and in the total performance of the play may just as well or better serve the purpose of the individual role. This as a rule applies to minor roles, but it has been true at times in major—Paul Robeson, for example, twelve years ago, before he had learned anything to speak of about acting, served the special purposes of "All God's Chillun Got Wings" most effectively.

All that, nevertheless, proves nothing about acting. On the other hand it does not prove that Negroes could not act. They might very well evolve an acting of their own, patterns, forms, a mental approach within which they would express themselves. This is true for every race. On the other hand, again, it does not follow that any race is equally endowed in every medium of artistic expression.

As for "Fire Bird Suite" and cultural implications, it does not follow that getting involved with Russian music, Slavic folklore and Diaghilev ballet concerns culture any more than ballet that draws from Negro music and working on the levee, or, if you would leave your own material, Navajos and their festivals, or Illinois farmhands at the cornhusking. And if it is any comfort to hear, I may say that lately I saw for my sins the "Paolo and Francesca," one of the latest compositions of Colonel de Basil's Ballet Russe, and in choreography and dancing appallingly pseudo, she-she, banal, pretentious and jerky.

The discussion of the Negro in ballet is worth more if we begin not so much with demonstration, competition, vindication, but with certain elements inherent in the Negro endowment. This point has nothing to do with the primitive, with condescension, with people of another race prescribing to Negroes what they should attempt or should stick to. It concerns only the fact that any art, in this case dancing, begins with the particular medium that the would-be creator presents, which in the Negro's case implies among other qualities, indisputably a gift of rhythm, relaxation and harmony, a narrative sense, improvisation, and vivid, free powers of the imagination.

The best way, perhaps, to describe Mr. Sidney Howard's new play would be to say that if you read it in book form you would find it a smatter of numberless topics, ideas, allusions, incidents, casual or grave, and would resent the presence of such literate facility amidst such lack of gestation, dramatic creation, and search into the meaning and price of the living matter thus assembled and animated into stage terms. But as the whole turned out there at the Guild, it seemed to me a very agreeable diversion. The Christmas occasion, the labor unrest, the liberals, conservatives, young loves, old loves, powerful newspaper magnate, threat of war, and the young aviator's horrible death were merely an amiable stage evening.

The casting that the Theatre Guild has achieved for this play is remarkably successful, not the least of which is that of Miss Barrymore for the cardinal role of the mother. She plays it with dignity, beauty and resource, and does a great deal generally for the play's effect. Mr. Dudley Digges's brains tell him not to agonize over the play's conceivable profundities; and so his performance is brilliant, a veritable picture of sure technical skill.

STARK YOUNG.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Gorman Protests

SIR: I wish to refer somewhat at length to an article appearing in The New Republic of October 27, entitled "Bringing Union to Textiles." This article, written by Mary Heaton Vorse, in describing the indisputably splendid progress of the Textile Workers' Organizing Committee of the CIO, contains a paragraph which also attempts to discredit the United Textile Workers of America, and more particularly myself, as president.

I think this personal allusion to myself is both insulting and unjustified, and for the benefit of the readers of The New Republic I would like to record certain facts about the UTW and its place in the CIO.

The UTW was no disintegrating, dormant craft union when the TWOC came into existence. When we signed the CIO agreement for the drive in textiles, we had a paid-up membership of 77,742 textile workers. (As of April 15, 1937.) In addition there were some 20,000 or more in arrears in their dues, bringing the total dues-paying membership to nearly 100,000.

The United Textile Workers of America in 1936 held its biennial convention. I would submit the printed record of this convention as evidence that our organization is certainly one of the most progressive, militant and forward-looking organizations in the CIO.

For one thing, on recommendation of our Executive Council, our organization was the first of the charter CIO unions to endorse unanimously by convention action the CIO principles and its policies. . . .

In the second place, our delegates, by unanimous action again, voted a voluntary assessment of our membership for aid to the Spanish Loyalists; went on record for a labor party; passed a constitutional amendment democratizing the control of the organization and passed many more enabling resolutions of a thoroughly progressive character. . . . These resolutions came to the convention as recommendations of the Executive Council of the UTW.

To be sure, the United Textile Workers of America is not a rich union. The textile workers are poor people—the lowest paid of any mass-production industry. To be sure, we did not have many contracts, and to be sure the textile workers have, under our leadership, been through many desperate, and some unsuccessful, strike struggles. In an industry as widely spread, as chaotic and with such a large portion of it lying in the Bourbon South, it long ago became quite clear to the officers of the UTW that it would take the combined efforts of several great international unions to conduct an effective organization campaign. It was precisely for this reason that the UTW sought the aid of the CIO, and that the TWOC was set up.

Mrs. Vorse's slurring remarks about the textile workers not liking the UTW are not only unnecessary, but untrue. Despite its faults, despite its mistakes and despite its setbacks, the textile workers, through the UTW, have fought long and hard, and died—some of them—for their union. They love their union, and our increasing membership, even prior to the TWOC, is proof enough of that. Quite naturally, there are dissident groups here and there. That is true in every union. But they extend over no such comprehensive geographical areas as "New England and New Jersey." They are to be found only in isolated spots.

It appears to me that Mrs. Vorse is a headline hunter, and unable to penetrate beneath the surface of newspaper publicity, when she asserts that I have taken no active part in the drive. Every member of the United Textile Workers of America has thrown himself unstintingly into making the campaign a success. . . .

Mrs. Vorse's description of the achievements of the TWOC is most assuredly correct, and, indeed, a great deal more could be added. What I object to is her echoing of employer propaganda concerning the UTW in measuring the strides of the TWOC.

When the TWOC was first formed, employer-dominated magazines in every branch of the textile industry began a program of attempting to intimidate the TWOC by throwing mud on the officers of the UTW, more particularly myself. . . . The people who "considered its [UTW] support more of a liability than an asset" are either employers, or those directly under the influence of the chastening advice of employers when the TWOC was first formed. I do not believe that it adds strength to the splendid record of the TWOC to heighten its glory by belittling the organization which made it possible.

The UTW can well afford to stand on its record. For that record was slowly and painfully built over a period of time when the breath-taking victories of the CIO were not there to stir even the most lethargic workers to action, and sweep them along on a tide of organizational enthusiasm. We were overjoyed when the TWOC was formed, because it represented the realization of an old and persistent dream to many of us. . . .

FRANCIS J. GORMAN, President,
United Textile Workers of America,
Member, Textile Workers' Organizing Committee, CIO.
Washington, D. C.

The Present Industrial Depression

SIR. By all means print George Soule's fine article ["The Present Industrial Depression," The New Republic, November 24] in circular form with section entitled "Let's Really Save Something" in boldface and send to every Congressman and Senator immediately.

CLARENCE POE,
President and Editor, The Progressive Farmer.
Raleigh, N. C.

SIR. Mr. Soule's suggestion of investing the social-security funds in housing [The New Republic, November 24], like all sensible suggestions for use of these funds, is probably too good to be accepted by the business world as sound. I'm inclined to think that it might be slightly easier to counteract the depressing effect of these funds by increasing the benefits quickly so as to get to an in-and-out system as soon as possible.

The demand for economy is so strong, however, that it will probably be necessary to cut expenditures and build up a considerable volume of new unemployment and business failures, before relaxing the purse strings. Too bad, but it takes at least one more lesson.

Washington, D. C. DAVID COYLE.

Democrats and Fascists

SIR: The Foreign Policy Association has issued invitations to a luncheon discussion on Saturday, December 4, 1937, with Dr. Rudolf Kircher as one of two speakers (the second speaker being Mr. Graham Hutton of The London Economist) on the topic "The Rome-Berlin Axis."

American citizens may not know exactly who Dr. Kircher is. He once was a man of the Left, in sympathy with the British Labor Party during the first post-war years, when he was the London representative of the most left-wing democratic newspaper, the Frankfurter Zeitung. With the changing scene Dr. Kircher's attitude was changing too. At the beginning of the Hitler regime, he was head of the Berlin office of the Frankfurter Zeitung. This great democratic world newspaper got into increasing difficulties with the Nazi government, with the result that finally these difficulties were solved by the appointment of Dr. Kircher as chief editor. Mr. Kircher can thus be considered a genuine Hitler agent.

The Foreign Policy Association has announced its intention of giving this Hitler agent the floor, knowing that a similar opportunity of defending the democratic viewpoint never would be granted to any democrat in Kircher's Germany. We know and appreciate the fact that Americans have a broad conception of democracy and are willing to give any political conviction freedom of expression. But every representative of democracy understands

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the rules of fair play. However, one-sided liberty is directly favoring the fascist side, while the rules of the genuine democratic game require reciprocity.

We hope that the democrats of the United States and also the Foreign Policy Association will draw the necessary conclusions from the sad experience of the German Republic and not show such weakness and misunderstanding to the defenders of fascist violence.

TONY SENDER, DR. KURT ROSENFELD,
New York City. Former Members of the German Reichstag.

[With all respect for the distinguished signers of the foregoing letter, and with full appreciation of the sufferings they have undergone at the hands of the Nazis, we wish to express our dissent from their point of view. While tolerance for alien exponents of creeds hostile to democracy should have definite limits, we do not believe these should be extended so far as to refuse permission to participate in public debate. To do so would be to imitate the Nazis in the very policy of theirs to which we object.—THE EDITORS.]

Prisoner of the Spanish War

SIR: My brother, Edward, was captured by Franco's forces February 15, along with twenty other American volunteers. For all these many months no word has been heard from him, and my mother is slowly being driven to distraction.

Since the battalion records were taken along with my brother and the other volunteers, for months we did not even know what had happened to him. It was only recently that we learned from the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade offices that he had been taken prisoner. We do not know, however, whether he is now in a fascist prison camp, or whether he has faced a firing squad. I have written and cabled to Franco, but to no avail. I have appealed to President Roosevelt and to Secretary of State Hull, but still no action.

I appeal to your readers to help us, by writing to President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull insisting that they investigate the fate and whereabouts of my brother and his twenty colleagues. We feel that only the pressure of public opinion will force our government to act in behalf of these twenty-one American citizens.

New York City. GRACE FREED.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Virgil Michel, Dean of St. John's University, Collegeville, Minnesota, voices his vigorous personal protest against The New Republic's linking of the Catholic Church with Tammany Hall ("New York's Election," November 10). Identification of the Church, he feels, with the public actions of persons who happen to be Catholic, is quite absurd. . . . A. Ballard Wilton of Lakewood, Ohio, writes that today, with "the radio and press carrying the lure of the advertisers to the homes of the masses daily, if the voice of the consumer is to be heard it will have to come through college broadcasting stations that have no advertisers to protect." . . . Irma Nelson of New York City hopes that The New Republic "will no longer cling to its old isolationist policies, which are both vicious and defeatist."

Tom Mooney writes from the State Prison at San Quentin, California, asking for financial help from readers of The New Republic for the appeal of his case to the United States Supreme Court, a job that will cost at least $15,000. Funds and communications should be addressed to Tom Mooney Molders' Defense Committee, Box 1475, San Francisco, California. . . . C. V. Warner of Tampa, Florida, pleads for sanctions imposed by Great Britain and the United States against Japan. These, he believes, will cut short her military regime. . . . Elizabeth Hiner of Oakland, California, writes to tell us of the progress that is made in her state in consolidating the work of progressives toward better social legislation.

John R. Longo of Jersey City, New Jersey, writes of the injunction which has been issued restraining members of the Hudson County Newspaper Guild from picketing, discussing their strike against the Bayonne Times Publishing Company and, finally, from going on strike. As a blow against civil liberties in New Jersey, he regards it as typical of the administration of "Boss" Frank Hague.

Ann Reed Brenner calls the attention of our readers to the dinner celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Survey Associates, the publishing body for The Survey Graphic and Midmonthly. It takes place December 2 at the Biltmore Hotel, New York City. The speakers will be Governor Frank Murphy, of Michigan; Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia of New York City; Professor Felix Frankfurter, of Harvard Law School; Walter S. Gifford, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and Paul Kellogg, editor of The Survey.

Nathan L. Rock, treasurer of the American Society for Race Tolerance, 1165 Broadway, New York City, writes of the work that organization is doing in support of the Wagner-Van Nuys Anti-Lynch bill and appeals for aid from readers of The New Republic. . . . A fight for the passage of the same bill is being carried on by the NAACP, writes Juanita Jackson, who is the director of the campaign to sell Christmas seals to raise the necessary funds, from the national office at 69 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

H. Q. Driscoll of Los Angeles, California, expresses his apprehension at the solution of the racial problem of the Indian hero of Oliver La Farge's "The Enemy Gods" (reviewed in The New Republic for November 3). The materialistic resolution—"we have to learn to use the white man's knowledge, his weapons, his machines—and still be Navajos"—worries Mr. Driscoll in a day when "the white man's machines and weapons and knowledge are so closely identified with the gravest misfortune."

The deportation case of Domenick Sallitto and Vincent Ferrero on the grounds that they are members of an organization advocating the forcible overthrow of the government is the subject of three letters from Grace Golub of Northampton, Massachusetts, Mariquita Villard of New York City and Dr. Clinton Taft of Los Angeles, California, who all comment on the rank injustice of the deportation proceedings. . . . George Hartmann of Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York City, chairman of the Society for the Psychological Study of Social Issues, appeals for coöperation in the preparation of a Yearbook, "The Psychology of Industrial Conflict." The Committee is in search of "fresh, concrete field data or documents bearing upon this problem from workers, employers, public officials and social scientists working in specialized fields." Readers interested in the project should communicate with Mr. Hartmann for further details.

The Duke University Press announces a prize of $1,500 for a scholarly manuscript to be awarded March 1, 1939, in connection with the Centennial of the Origins of Trinity College, which is being celebrated during the present academic year. Details of the award may be obtained from the Duke University Press, Durham, North Carolina.

What's on the Air?

A prominent Senator discusses "Current Questions before the Senate" in one of a series of weekly talks, Friday, December 3, 4:30 P.M., CBS, and on Monday, December 6, one of the members of the House of Representatives speaks on "Current Questions before the House," 4:30 P.M., CBS.

Dr. Karl T. Compton and Dr. Robert Millikan speak on the relation of science to industry on the Congress of American Industry program, Wednesday, December 8, 2:15 to 3:20 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, talks on a program of the American Civil Liberties Union, Wednesday, December 8, 9 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Musical programs of the week include a broadcast of "Manon" by the Metropolitan Opera Company with Richard Crooks, Bidu Sayao and others, Saturday, December 4, 1:55 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; the Philharmonic Symphony-Society of New York, Sunday, December 5, 3 P.M., CBS; Lawrence Tibbett, guest of the Ford Sunday Evening Hour, 9 P.M., CBS; the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski, Monday, December 6, 9 P.M., NBC-Blue Network and Kirsten Flagstad with André Kostelanetz's orchestra, Wednesday, December 8, 9 P.M., CBS.

All times given are Eastern Standard Time.

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The Bandwagon

The name of the English people is derived from Isaac, and hence the Anglo-Saxons are called "Saxons," that is to say, Isaacsons (Isaac's Sons). The "i" has been dropped as in Istambul-Stambul, or in Hispania-Spain. Is it not written in the Old Testament: "Thy seed shall possess the gates of thy enemies"? Hence England possesses Gibraltar, the Suez Canal, Cape Aden, Hongkong, etc., all gates to lands and seas.—*General Erich Ludendorff, in his new book, "Semi-Imperator."*

Joseph F. Curry, 41, of Lowell, owed his freedom from jail today to Judge John E. Swift's ruling that he was innocent of manslaughter in the automobile deaths of two persons because "he was so drunk he was not in a position to form a judgment or exercise his will." Judge Swift explained the charge must be based on "willful, wanton and reckless conduct."—*A. P. dispatch from Cambridge, Mass., printed in The New York World-Telegram.*

A Broken Heart in Every Pot

"It would break a poor woman's heart if she knew she was putting a common piece of meat in her pot," he [Louis Wagner Jr., representing the retail meat-dealers' association] was reported as saying, when Mrs. Frances F. Gannon, Deputy Commissioner of Markets in charge of consumer service, asked Mr. Wagner if housewives were not using "common" meat at present although sold as higher grades.—*From a news item in The New York Times.*

That All Disasters Shall Be Free and Equal

Comprehensive National Plan for Prevention of Flood Control.—*Title on Senate Report No. 696, Calendar No. 712, Seventy-Fifth Congress, First Session.*

Objection Sustained

The Veery is the state bird of Massachusetts by choice of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, although the State Legislature voted it down on the grounds that it went to Florida for the winter.—*From The World Almanac.*

Any Rain Checks?

Among the documents which he said had been supplied him by Spanish friends was a photostatic copy of what purports to be an official government license, issued to a communist, to violate twenty women in one night.—*The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen of Catholic University, quoted in The Boston Herald.*

Divine-Mandate Department

"I had no ambition at any time to be premier," he declared, "but I believe God wants me to occupy my present position and I shall not be moved by any other consideration."—*Prime Minister William Aberhart of Alberta, quoted in a U.P. dispatch to The Chicago Daily Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—The Editors.

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Winter Book Section

Thoreau v. Thoreau

MR. CANBY remarks, in the introduction to his very full and useful volume of selections from Thoreau's writings,[1] that the reputation of the author of "Walden" is even now continually rising. Undoubtedly this is a fact, as the appearance of these two books itself indicates, and certainly it is a cheering fact. Thoreau may not be, as Mr. Canby feels "inclined to prophesy" extravagantly, "the most durable of American writers," but there is no extravagance in saying that "he belongs in the small group of really great Americans," and we should lose something irreplaceable if we failed to make our use of what is strongest and most galvanic in his thought. There is a good deal that is weak and whimsical in it, and this ought to be winnowed out rigorously and impartially. Thoreau needs very badly to be rescued from the Thoreauvians: he needs, in fact, to be rescued from himself. To make a cult of him, to follow him wherever he leads, is to find ourselves up to our waists in an impassable swamp almost as often as on a hilltop with a wide view.

It would be a poor service to criticism, for example, either to play down or to rejoice in the really dangerous strain in Thoreau of contempt for exact knowledge, for scientific inquiry, for "mere phenomena." It was a strain that he had in common with all the Transcendentalists, of course, and so far as it meant only a disdain for the routine "observer" or the dull laboratory specialist, it was a healthy enough strain. But it meant more than that, and it is not in Channing or Emerson or Parker that one will find quite the equivalent of Thoreau's superstitious distrust of the organized advancement of learning, his village incuriosity about the great physical and biological generalizations of his time, or that unhealthy fear of his own growing tendency toward precision and objectivity in research. We have no excuse, in our times, for failing to see the black gulf toward which these negations drive, and Thoreau the mystical obscurantist is not our man.

No more is Thoreau the contemptuous misanthrope. For there *was* a genuinely misanthropic side of his nature, and one that cannot be explained away as Mr. Brooks Atkinson very generously attempts to do, in his introduction to the Modern Library edition of "Walden and Other Writings."[2] It is always possible, of course, to say of such writers as Thoreau that they have too exalted standards of human conduct ever to be quite satisfied with the behavior of real men, and that they are ethically bracing on just this account. The apology simply does not dispose entirely of that "very aggravated case of superciliousness" which Whitman reluctantly recognized in his Concord admirer. Channing too had his exalted standards, and so had Theodore Parker; but the austerity of their ideals did not keep those men from conveying, in every line they wrote, a temperamental bias of affection and respect for human beings that was quite left out of Thoreau's narrower makeup. His was not an admiring character, as one of his best friends said; and that is one reason why he furnishes so fitful an inspiration to the radical democrat today. In his passion for nature itself there was too large an element of active inhumanity. "I love Nature," he wrote quite honestly, "partly *because* she is not man, but a retreat from him. . . . What he touches he taints."

> Man, man is the devil,
> The source of all evil.

It is true that he said other things wholly contradictory to this, but it is hard to see how, when he is in this vein, Thoreau is much sweeter to the palate than Jonathan Edwards himself.

It was a heavy limitation for him—and not all the source of strength Mr. Canby represents it—that his imagination could make nothing of social experience or of the forces that move toward community among men. He could see with perfect sharpness the follies of gregariousness and the perils of conformity: he was hopelessly color-blind to the values of fellowship and unity. His individualism, as a result, lofty as it is in some of its expressions, has too large an admixture in it of insensitiveness and complacency. "What men call social virtues, good fellowship," wrote Thoreau, "is commonly but the virtue of pigs in a litter, which lie close together to keep each other warm." He did hardly more than confess his own undeveloped and unripened faculties when he wrote this, and he betrayed mainly his own want of political insight when he disposed of the Fourierists as glibly as he did: "I said I suspected any enterprise in which two were engaged together." It is the sort of thing that keeps his transcendental anarchism from having all the meaning it ought to have for us: its content is so largely not simply pride and dignity and independence but touchiness and irresponsibility. He said, after all, "I am not responsible for the successful working of the machinery of society"—and he meant it.

It is not when he rails at men of science or contemns human nature or renounces sociality that Thoreau is worth attending to. His extraordinary claim upon us rests on quite a different ground: namely, that despite his limitations he has helped to enrich the whole modern sensibility by his genius for getting at the tough substances of things and disburdening himself of shadows, substitutes and vanities. The Thoreau who said, "Be it life or death, we crave only reality," is the Thoreau we still need. He was the freshly and finely endowed poet who could slough off even his own whims and poses and make up his mind "to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life," "to drive life in a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms"; and the explorations this purpose led him on were morally Copernican. It was necessary that the human sensibility, blunted for so long by the drug of the infinite, should be redomesticated in the world of minerals and vegetables, of kingfishers and muskrats: for all his occultism, Thoreau's wonderful instinct

[1] The Works of Thoreau: Selected and edited by Henry S. Canby. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. 892 pages. $5.

[2] Walden and Other Writings of Henry David Thoreau. Edited, with an Introduction, by Brooks Atkinson. New York: The Modern Library. 732 pages. 95 cents..

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for reality brought him into an intimate harmony with all those purely natural existences, and our secular culture is the richer as a result. He was not the only modern who achieved anything of the sort, but he achieved it more intensely than all but a few others, and the pages that record his adventures with the real and the finite will long be Scripture to the naturalistic imagination.

NEWTON ARVIN.

"Cousin Swift, You Will Never Be a Poet"

The Poems of Jonathan Swift, edited by Harold Williams. New York: The Oxford University Press. 3 vols., 1,242 pages. $21.

SWIFT'S verse has for some years been out of print. The last edition was that of William Ernst Browning, published in 1910, which was neither very adequately annotated nor very well arranged. Mr. Williams has now prepared and the Oxford Press produced a scholarly and handsome edition. There seems, however, to hang a sort of curse over the indexes to editions of Swift's poetry, which makes the books difficult to find one's way around in. The Browning edition had indexes in the fronts of the volumes which listed the poems in their printed order, but no alphabetical index and no index of first lines. The Williams edition includes at the beginning of each volume an index by groups of all three, but no index by titles of all the pieces, and an alphabetical index presented in the most exasperating way possible. When you do succeed in finding anything in this last index, there is no way of telling which volume it is in, because all three volumes are consecutively paged. One of the features of the Williams edition is three facsimiles of manuscripts of Swift in his firm and clear and beautiful hand.

It is to be hoped that the Oxford Press will bring this edition out in a single volume at a less formidable price. I hasten to express this hope, yet I fear that even an accessible edition would fail to do much for the popularity of Swift's poetry. Dryden told him, on seeing one of his early pindaric odes, that he would never become a poet; and many people will not admit that he ever became one. Yet the question of whether or not Swift is a "poet" comes down, as Leslie Stephen says, merely to "a question of classification." "Swift's originality appears in the very fact that he requires a new class to be made for him." Stephen is even too niggardly, it seems to me, in the space that he devotes to Swift's verse: my own conviction is that it is almost as remarkable as his prose, and that some of the very best of Swift is to be found among these five hundred or so pieces.

What we find is something usually quite distinct from what we find in his prose satires and pamphlets. For there is a sensuous side to Swift—though, like Huysmans, he is sensitive mainly to ugly or disagreeable impressions. This comes through in the realistic similes which give a good deal of their flavor to his prose writings, and when he is dealing in his prose with certain congenial subjects. In the "Drapier's Letters," for example, we seem to see and hear and handle the coins. Swift had always a special feeling for money: it actually stimulated his imagination, and he was able to raise to a kind of poetry his tracts on financial matters.

But there is a great deal more of this in his verse, and it is what makes him in his verse a genuine artist—though he does certainly to some degree fall short in the special kind of delicacy of ear which makes the harmonies of "poetic" diction, and which Pope and Dryden had. Swift was too great a master of his peculiar kind of prose to be able to command completely, though he was able to do so partly, the resources of the other technique. The sobriety and restraint which make the beauty of his prose seem sometimes to impoverish his verses; his habit of hitting the nail on the head makes the emphasis of the development monotonous.

This granted, we must recognize that Swift successfully works in his poems a vein hardly touched in his prose: he becomes one of the most vivid portrayers of the life of the eighteenth-century city. "Morning" and "A City Shower"—of the latter of which he was rightly so proud—the terrible panels of "The Progress of Virtue," "The Progress of Beauty," etc., which only strong drawing and classic severity make tolerable—these are the results of a sharp observation which one hardly finds in the novelists of the century. They are more nearly comparable to Hogarth's engravings. Later on, he was to do Ireland superbly. "Helter Skelter," the circuit ride of the attorneys, is a masterpiece of social caricature; so is "The Grand Question Debated," with its picture of country-house life; so are even the "Verses Made for Women Who Cry Apples, etc.," with their combined feeling for the lives of the women and savor of the wares which they sell. Swift, like the French generation of Huysmans, had an appetite for homely or sordid detail. When he is obliged to wait for the boat at Holyhead, he sits down to describe his bad accommodations, the "muddy ale and moldy bread"; when Stella returns from a visit, it is with a kind of satisfaction that he shows how the shabby surroundings of her home must take the place of the luxuries of the gentry:

> But now arrives the dismal day:
> She must return to *Ormond Key:*
> The coachman stopt, she lookt, and swore
> The Rascal had mistook the Door:
> At coming in you saw her stoop;
> The Entry brushed against her Hoop:
> Each Moment rising in her Airs,
> She curst the narrow winding stairs:
> Began a Thousand Faults to spy;
> The Ceiling hardly six Foot high;
> The smutty Wainscot full of Cracks,
> And half the Chairs with broken Backs . . .

Yet all through his life there reëchoes the chagrin which had preyed upon Swift in the poverty of his youth. The great spirit subjected to indignity will dignify that indignity itself. And so, condemned to his deanship in Dublin, he gives the misery of the Irish a kind of grandeur. In his Irish poems, the physical degradation of the people is thrust under the nose of the world in a way which supplements his political writings.

Besides this, there are flights of a macabre fantasy—"Death and Daphne" and "On Cutting Down an Old Thorn"—to which he gives no scope in the matter-of-fact extravagances of his prose. And there is a great deal about his personal life, always interesting and sometimes moving. Swift's self-dramatization in his poems is really one of his most brilliant achievements—whether in the fairly well known lines on his own death and the verses on Stella and Vanessa or in the Market Hill poems and the imitations of Horace in which he describes his relations with Harley.

In some of these poems there is a kind of tragic irony which is familiar from some of the most powerful of Swift's prose, but which has here a special personal accent: the joke which is only a joke, but of which the effect is crushing:

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Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my Friends a Burthen grown,
No more I hear my Church's Bell,
Than if it rang out for my Knell:
At Thunder now no more I start,
Than at the Rumbling of a Cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a Woman's Clack.

There is nothing quite like this in literature. The curses and sneers of Swift almost created a new kind of lyric.

EDMUND WILSON.

Earthly Paradise

Island of Bali, by Miguel Covarrubias, with an Album of Photographs by Rose Covarrubias. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 452 pages. $5.

BALI IS the current symbol for Paradise. Upon this little island almost lost among the great chain of the Malay Archipelago has fallen the mantle of Tahiti, now that Tahiti is a jumble of iron-roofed huts peopled by disinherited men and women in Mother Hubbards. We look longingly for a world where simplicity and joy and beauty are inalienable from living and we fix upon Bali.

The advantage of locating Paradise on earth instead of above the skies should be that if it is on earth we can find out what it is like. But we knew little about Bali, not much more than that it had beautiful unashamed women, native orchestras, cremations and trance dances. It was too little. So Miguel Covarrubias thought when he and his wife determined seven years ago to go to Bali. They went, were fascinated, and returned again. They learned Malay and Balinese. He found in the Balinese subjects he loved to draw and paint, Rose Covarrubias took photographs hard to surpass, and they both became devotees of the native orchestras and dances.

Bali is an island of village communities each with its temples, its councils of villagers, its men's houses and, if it is prosperous, its orchestra and its dance troupe. The people are hard-working and law-abiding and the final penalty the village can inflict upon an offender is exile from the village; he is pronounced "dead" and he can never enter his own town again or join any other. For offenses that do not warrant this punishment, which is more to be avoided than actual death, the Balinese are not without resources. Covarrubias tells of coming upon a procession of gay and mocking men beating little bamboo drums and waving green boughs. Leading the procession was a wrinkled old man carrying two sheaves of rice on a pole. Red hibiscus flowers were in his hair and the sheaves were decorated with blossoms and leaves. The old man had stolen the rice sheaves and the shameful procession was his punishment. "After this" the Balinese told Covarrubias, "he will not steal again." The crime of theft is indeed almost too rare to mention.

The mainstay of Balinese economy is rice, and the great irrigated terraces for wet-rice culture surround the villages. The ownership of fields and the upkeep of irrigation ditches are controlled by the villagers in common. Even the land in the village upon which a man's house stands can be reclaimed by the village if the tenant abuses his privileges. The deep-rooted agrarian communalism of Bali has survived five centuries of Javanese feudal overlords and is still functioning under Dutch administration.

The tribute which Covarrubias pays to Balinese art is the tribute of one artist to another. It is a baroque art with an amazing lack of rigidity. Each artist's work is recognizable and distinctive, and subject matter is so little circumscribed that Dutchmen drinking beer or cranking automobiles take their place among the temple carvings along with the gods and the demons.

"Island of Bali" is a highly factual account of traditional forms of life in Bali. It describes cooking and cremations, lists the various dance forms, sets forth the calendar. It is not a study of the effect of these institutions on human lives and it is not a study of individual Balinese. Perhaps now that he has described these necessary external formalities of its life, Covarrubias will write another volume on the individual conduct of life in Bali. I hope so, for he knows Bali.

And in that book, too, we can look forward to another collection of Rose Covarrubias' photographs, which are so precious and vivid a part of his narrative.

RUTH BENEDICT.

First Lady

This Is My Story, by Eleanor Roosevelt. New York: Harper and Brothers. 375 pages. $3.

THIS IS not one of the slick, ghost-written autobiographies so frequently pushed forward by Important People and their avid publishers. In homespun prose Eleanor Roosevelt herself has written about the first forty years of her life, beginning in the stiff, cluttered grooves of New York "Society" in the eighties and ending abruptly in 1924, before the Old Deal had distributed its more garish cards, or the New Deal begun.

She tells with some relish how "Uncle Ted" stole the show at her wedding with her distant cousin, Franklin Roosevelt, packing the guests into the library to hear the President of the United States in effervescent mood until the neglected bride and groom finally joined the fringes of the spellbound crowd. But neither Theodore nor Franklin Roosevelt steals this show. This is Eleanor Roosevelt's story.

It begins with a solemn little girl, her childhood shadowed by her shyness and "oddity," by her adored father's inexplicable absences (she did not know about his drinking —only that things were not well with him), the untimely deaths of her mother, the elder of her two little brothers and her father, all before she was eleven, her grandmother's preoccupation with an unstable son, an aunt's difficult moods, a constant sense of insecurity. Her education, except for two good years in an English school, was superficial, and all pretense of education ended with her début at eighteen. Life itself, she makes clear, has been her real teacher, as it must be perhaps for every eager mind and spirit.

Executive talent, dormant during her early years, developed with the responsibilities of marriage, six children, a family life that she insisted must be "smooth and comfortable," though it had to adjust and readjust to changing circumstances—New York City, Hyde Park, Campobello Island, wartime Washington, legislative sessions in Albany, political campaigning, the "trial by fire" of her husband's illness. If she was timid and intolerant as a girl, and so she pictures herself, she has clearly gained poise and breadth of judgment. If background and education kept her ignorant and incurious (on her honeymoon abroad she was unable to explain to an English acquaintance the difference between our state and national governments—indeed, she was surprised to learn that "there were any differences to explain") she has made herself at home in

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many fields. She disparages her ability to pick up information and use it easily, but she underestimates the value of the mature intelligence and the sincerity she brings to bear on the problems, personal and impersonal, that challenge her. Innate good taste, rather than literary skill, gives dignity to a narrative which includes many details of day-by-day family life. Its directness is never familiarity, nor can there be found in its pages a statement likely to cause pain or embarrassment to the persons mentioned.

The importance of Mrs. Roosevelt's autobiography is not due to the spotlight which happens to fall on her today as the wife of the President of the United States. Its significance, and its interest as well, lie in its vitality as a record of "the evolution of an individual," of incurable idealism which, early confined in the straitjacket of "a sense of duty," expanded into a groping desire to "do good," and finally into acute social consciousness. The book ends just as life was "opening up new adventures of thought and work." To read it is to look forward to its sequel, telling Eleanor Roosevelt's story of years when, called upon to play a conspicuous part in the American scene, she has been honestly and courageously herself.

BEULAH AMIDON.

Agnes Repplier at Eighty

Eight Decades: Episodes and Essays, by Agnes Repplier. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 304 pages. $3.

IT IS STARTLING to learn that Agnes Repplier is eighty this year. She began to write at twenty, and her first essay was printed in The Catholic World, then edited by Father Isaac Hecker of Brook Farm fame, in 1877. It was only a year or two later that she appeared in The Atlantic Monthly, with Oliver Wendell Holmes as sponsor. From that far-off time to the present she has followed her chosen path. As late in her life as 1931, one of her books was chosen by the Book of the Month Club, and now at eighty she gives us a collection of seventeen essays which make manifest once more her very real gifts of style, wit, wisdom and urbane tolerance. The book does not date, for Miss Repplier has something to say which holds the readers of the nineteen-thirties as her earlier work held the readers of the eighties and nineties. Those who do not know her work have a tendency to think of it as stuffy, closet writing, suited for reading aloud at a rectory tea party. Anyone who reads this book with that preconception will be freed from his error, and won by a mind that is not Polite. Miss Repplier was grouped, years ago, with Brander Matthews, Hamilton Wright Mabie and Henry Van Dyke. But she did not really belong to that genteel, if ineffectual, company, and she has outlasted her generation: she is read when they are but names.

"Eight Decades" is a selection of old favorites, plus an autobiographical essay from which the book takes its title. Here one finds several clues to the secret of her immunity from time. She was brought up in a Victorian home, but in the nursery she was read, or read herself, "The Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," Maria Edgeworth, Agnes Strickland, Hans Andersen, "Undine," "Paul and Virginia" and Hayward's translation of Goethe's "Faust." At ten she learned Latin by reading Ovid and Horace with a confirmed classicist. Quite understandably, she mourns the fate of the children of today, whose progressive parents replace such a literary diet with "Allan in Alaska" and "Cora on the Continent." At twenty Father Hecker, founder of the Paulist Order, discouraged her from writing fiction with the sound advice: "You are essentially a bookish person, and you must travel along your appointed path if you are going to get anywhere." Taking his advice, Miss Repplier began writing essays, and her first, on Ruskin, was printed in the magazine he founded. At thirty she had been to Boston, then the intellectual capital of America, and had met Dr. Holmes, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Thomas Bailey Aldrich (who encouraged her to write for his Atlantic, as he did many another young writer), Mary E. Wilkins Freeman and James Russell Lowell, who complained to the young literary lady from Philadelphia about that city's habit of calling Whitman the Good Gray Poet: ". . . nobody calls me the Good Gray Poet, though I am as gray as Whitman and quite as good—perhaps a trifle better."

At forty she was the great friend of Dr. Horace Furness and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who were to the Quaker City what Lowell and Aldrich were to The Hub, and she corresponded with Andrew Lang about medieval literature and cats, their common passion: "When the one I loved best died, I wrote to him, sure of sympathy, and declaring after the foolish fashion of grief that I would never take another kitten under my roof. 'Don't say that,' he wrote back. 'It is in human nature to replace what is lost. Why, look at Henry the Eighth.' "

After fifty she was able to travel extensively, showing a capacity for enjoyment of strange lands and scenes quite foreign to the nature of a Polite Essayist. At seventy she was one of the American commissioners to the Seville Exposition in honor of Columbus, and attended the endless functions, the processions of Holy Week, the Sunday bull fights, and the pageants of the Feria and Romero, with the zest for life of a young woman. And at eighty she is serene, wise, without illusion and without discontent. She follows Pindar's rule of life: "With God's help may I still love what is good, and strive for what is attainable."

It has been a rich life that Agnes Repplier has led, and she has not been niggardly about sharing her riches. She has written wisely and well of a number of things, of saints and sinners, poets and poets *manqués,* of Englishmen, borrowers and cats, of the great and small problems of our time. None of her essays is finer in conception or execution than "Eight Decades" or "The Masterful Puritan," which last is the most brilliant brief analysis of the Massachusetts settlers that has come my way. She comments urbanely on their self-denial, which was carried to the point of sadism and masochism, by quoting this stern lament from The Boston Evening Post of January, 1783, when the Old South Church was first heated:

> Extinct the sacred fires of love,
> Our zeal grown cold and dead;
> In the house of God we fix a stove,
> To warm us in their stead.

And then there is a statement which explains somewhat why Miss Repplier's audience is not limited to her fellow Catholics: "If the Puritans never succeeded in welding together Church and State, which was the desire of their hearts, they had human nature to thank for their failure. There is nothing so abhorrent—or so perilous to the soul of man—as to be ruled in temporal things by clerical authority." Such words should make golden text for all Americans.

The book is handsomely produced, but sadly lacks an index, which is demanded by Miss Repplier's wealth of quotation and allusion. Also, there is no indication of the chronology of the essays, which is rather unfortunate in a definitive collection such as this.

MASON WADE.

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One Hundred Notable Books: 1937

Biography and Memoirs

Christopher Marlowe: The Man in His Time, by John Bakeless. Morrow. $3.75.
Beloved Friend: The Story of Tchaikowsky and Nadejda von Meck, by Catherine Drinker Bowen and Barbara von Meck. Random House. $3.
Death in Dublin, by Frank O'Connor. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
Madame Curie, by Eve Curie. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.
Anatole France, by Edwin Preston Dargan. Oxford. $5.
The Goncourt Journals, 1851-1870, edited and translated by Lewis Galantière. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.
Let Me Live, by Angelo Herndon. Random House. $2.50.
Hart Crane: The Life of an American Poet, by Philip Horton. Norton. $3.
The Notebooks and Papers of Gerard Manley Hopkins, edited by Humphrey House. Oxford. $8.50.
John Jay Chapman and His Letters, edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Houghton Mifflin. $4.
Andrew Jackson: Portrait of a President, by Marquis James. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.
One Mighty Torrent: The Drama of Biography, by Edgar Johnson. Stackpole. $3.50.
Something of Myself for My Friends Known and Unknown, by Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
Assignment in Utopia, by Eugene Lyons. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
A Maverick American, by Maury Maverick. Covici, Friede. $3.
Henry Clay: Spokesman of the New West, by Bernard Mayo. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.
Before I Forget, by Burton Rascoe. Doubleday, Doran. $3.
Army Without Banners, by Ernie O'Malley. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.
Catherine de' Medici and the Lost Revolution, by Ralph Roeder. Viking. $3.75.
A Volunteer in Spain, by John Sommerfield. Knopf. $1.50.
The Memoirs of Sir Ronald Storrs. Putnam's. $5.
Heinrich Heine: Paradox and Poet, by Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace. $6.

Fiction

The Bridal Canopy, by S. J. Agnon. Doubleday, Doran. $3.
The Turning Wheels, by Stuart Cloete. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
The Citadel, by A. J. Cronin. Little, Brown. $2.50.
The Wheel Turns, by Gian Dàuli. Putnam's. $2.75.
None Shall Look Back, by Caroline Gordon. Scribner's. $2.75.
To Have and Have Not, by Ernest Hemingway. Scribner's. $2.50.
A Lamp on the Plains, by Paul Horgan. Harper. $2.50.
Their Eyes Were Watching God, by Zora Neale Hurston. Lippincott. $2.
The Trial, by Franz Kafka. Knopf. $2.50.
The Old Bunch, by Meyer Levin. Viking. $3.
The Late George Apley, by John P. Marquand. Little, Brown. $2.50.
Famine, by Liam O'Flaherty. Random House. $2.50.
The Seven Who Fled, by Frederic Prokosch. Harper. $2.50.
Northwest Passage, by Kenneth Roberts. Doubleday, Doran. $2.75.
The Education of Hyman Kaplan, by Leonard Q. Ross. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
Katrina, by Sally Salminen. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.
Bread and Wine, by Ignazio Silone. Harper. $2.50.
The Flivver King: A Story of Ford America, by Upton Sinclair. United Automobile Workers. 25 cents.
Of Mice and Men, by John Steinbeck. Covici, Friede. $2.
Pity the Tyrant, by Hans Otto Storm. Longmans, Green. $2.
The Years, by Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

Poetry, Art and Criticism

The Birds of America, by John James Audubon. Macmillan. $12.50.
The Sleeping Fury, by Louise Bogan. Scribner's. $2.50.
From These Roots, by Mary M. Colum. Scribner's. $2.50.
The Journal of Eugène Delacroix, translated by Walter Pach. Covici, Friede. $7.50.
Bandits in a Landscape: A Study of Romantic Painting from Caravaggio to Delacroix, by W. Gaunt. Studio Publications. $2.50.
Five Hundred Self-Portraits, chosen and edited by Ludwig Goldschneider. Oxford. $3.
Such Counsels You Gave to Me, by Robinson Jeffers. Random House. $2.50.
Collected Poems, by James Joyce. Viking. $2.
Freud, Goethe, Wagner, by Thomas Mann. Knopf. $2.
Conversation at Midnight, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper. $2.
A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English, edited by Eric Partridge. Macmillan. $12.50.
The Man with the Blue Guitar, by Wallace Stevens. Knopf. $2.
Selected Poems, by Allen Tate. Scribner's. $2.
The Arts, by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Simon and Schuster. $3.95.

Science and Philosophy

Men of Mathematics, by E. T. Bell. Simon and Schuster. $5.
Aspects of Science, by Tobias Dantzig. Macmillan. $3.
Ascaris: The Biologist's Story of Life, by Richard Goldschmidt. Prentice-Hall. $3.25.
Mathematics for the Million, by Lancelot Hogben. Norton. $3.75.
Practical Aspects of Psychoanalysis, by Lawrence Kubie. Norton. $2.
American Medicine: Expert Testimony Out of Court, by Esther Everett Lape. American Foundation. 2 vols. $3.50.
Freud and Marx, by Reuben Osborn. Equinox. $2.50.
Shadow on the Land: Syphilis, by Thomas Parran. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.
Animal Treasure, by Ivan T. Sanderson. Viking. $3.
This Is Our World, by Paul B. Sears. Oklahoma U. $2.50.
Socialized Medicine in the Soviet Union, by Henry E. Sigerist. Norton. $3.50.
Men and Resources, by J. Russell Smith. Harcourt, Brace. $2.20.

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Social and Cultural Dynamics, by Pitirim A. Sorokin. American Book Co. 3 vols. $18.

Symposia of the Harvard Tercentenary Conference of Arts and Sciences, by various authors. Harvard. 3 vols. $8.50.

General

Reconstruction: The Battle for Democracy, by James S. Allen. International. $2.

The Folklore of Capitalism, by Thurman Arnold. Yale. $3.

Race: A Study in Modern Superstition, by Jacques Barzun. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

Goliath: The March of Fascism, by G. A. Borgese. Viking. $3.

When Labor Organizes, by R. R. Brooks. Yale. $3.

You Have Seen Their Faces, by Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White. Viking. $5.

Island of Bali, by Miguel Covarrubias. Knopf. $5.

The Sod-House Frontier, by Everett Dick. Appleton-Century. $5.

The Old South: Struggles for Democracy, by William E. Dodd. Macmillan. $3.75.

Caste and Class in a Southern Town, by John Dollard. Yale. $3.50.

If War Comes, by R. Ernest Dupuy and George Fielding Eliot. Macmillan. $3.

Massachusetts: A Guide to Its Places and People, compiled by the Federal Writers' Project. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

Return from the USSR, by André Gide. Knopf. $1.

The United States: A Graphic History, text by Louis Hacker, pictorial statistics by Rudolf Modley and George R. Taylor. Modern Age. 75 cents.

The Tragic Fallacy: A Study of America's War Policies, by Mauritz A. Hallgren. Knopf. $4.

Savage Civilization, by Tom Harrisson. Knopf. $4.

England Expects Every American to Do His Duty, by Quincy Howe. Simon and Schuster. $2.

Ends and Means, by Aldous Huxley. Harper. $2.75.

The Importance of Living, by Lin Yutang. John Day-Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

An Inquiry into the Principles of the Good Society, by Walter Lippmann. Little, Brown. $3.

America's 60 Families, by Ferdinand Lundberg. Vanguard. $3.75.

Middletown in Transition, by Robert S. Lynd and Helen Merrell Lynd. Harcourt, Brace. $5.

The Backward Art of Spending Money and Other Essays, by Wesley C. Mitchell. McGraw-Hill. $3.

Tsushima, by A. Novikov-Priboy. Knopf. $3.50.

The Life and Death of a Spanish Town, by Elliot Paul. Random House. $2.50.

The Case of the Anti-Soviet Trotskyite Center: A Verbatim Report published by the People's Commissariat of Justice of the USSR. Bookniga. $1.

40,000 Against the Arctic, by H. P. Smolka. Morrow. $3.50.

A History of Militarism: Romance and Realities of a Profession, by Alfred Vagts. Norton. $4.75.

The Soviets, by Albert Rhys Williams. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

This list, compiled by The New Republic staff with the help of our reviewers, is intended to cover the hundred new books of 1937 that appear to have the most interest for our own times. The "best" books will have to be chosen by posterity and the "eternal" books by eternity.—THE EDITORS.

Woodrow Wilson's Legacy

Woodrow Wilson, Life and Letters. Volume VI: Facing War, 1915-1917, by Ray Stannard Baker. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 556 pages. $5.

HISTORY has not been altogether kind to Woodrow Wilson. Some of his ringing phrases of 1916 and 1917 now have a hollow sound. The League of Nations, his self-chosen monument, stands neglected by its friends and despised by its enemies. The rights of neutrals, to which he dedicated the lives, the fortunes and the honor of his country, now stand formally renounced (at least in part) by legislative fiat of the American people. Nevertheless, it would be an error to underestimate his influence upon the United States and the larger community of nations. The New Freedom—outmoded as a political philosophy—is still with us in the form of the graduated federal income tax, the principles of conciliation and negotiation in railway labor disputes, the Federal Trade Commission, the Tariff Board, the Federal Reserve System, and the like. Mr. Brandeis is an honored member of the Supreme Court, his influence overshadowing the unfortunate appointment by Wilson of Mr. McReynolds. The American naval building program, initiated by Wilson's "preparedness" campaign, has wrought revolutionary changes in our relations with other world powers. The "peace without victory" speech, which Mr. Baker rightly considers comparable to Lincoln's second inaugural address, is as pregnant with truth today as it was in 1917.[1]

Nor is his memorable War Message to be relegated to limbo. "The world must be made safe for democracy"—that phrase so long in tragic disrepute is now being spoken with respect and may yet be the slogan of another war. And there is support in some quarters for the belief, also expressed in the War Message, that

> Neutrality is no longer feasible or desirable where the peace of the world is involved and the freedom of its peoples, and the menace to that peace and freedom lies in the existence of autocratic governments backed by organized force. . . . We have seen the last of neutrality in such circumstances.

The persistence of such sentiments in another generation is a measure of the virility of Wilson's political ideas.

The eighteen months from the autumn of 1915 to the spring of 1917, surely the most critical period of Wilson's career, are the subject of this volume. The difficulties facing the historian of this particular phase of Wilson's administration are obvious enough. In addition, Mr. Baker is an "authorized," and therefore presumably friendly, biographer writing at a time when Wilson's statesmanship is still a matter of bitter controversy. It is therefore altogether to the author's credit that his book is an honest chronicle, judicious in its appraisal of events and fearless in its judgment of Wilson himself. There are faults, to be sure: the arrangement is sometimes confusing, the literary presentation something less than distinguished, the historical perspective in which Wilson is seen sometimes defective. But assiduity, courage and integrity offset these shortcomings and combine to make this the most impressive volume in the series.

One may gauge the significance of Mr. Baker's work by proceeding immediately to the account of those momentous Days of Decision in March, 1917, when Wilson was com-

[1] Mr. Baker attributes the origin of this historic phrase to an editorial in The New Republic of December 23, 1916. Among Wilson's papers are to be found numerous clippings from The New Republic with notations in the President's hand.

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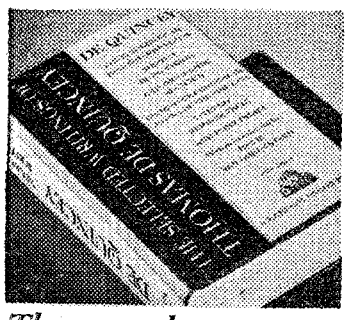

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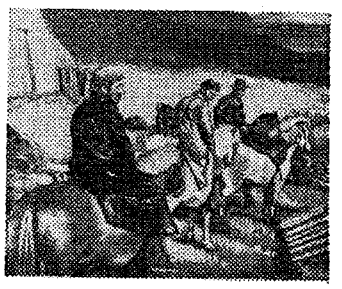

LETTERS FROM ICELAND
by W. H. Auden and Louis MacNeice

This book is a blend of photographs, travel tale, guide book, history and poetry by two fellow-poets and travellers exploring a little-known land. The result is an unusual and exhilarating book. Illustrated. $3.00

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pelled to define his own and the national course of action as regards the Great War. In the end, what were with him the determining influences? Mr. Baker is suspicious of oversimplification and can find no single answer, not even unrestricted submarine warfare. The crisis of March, 1917, he insists, grew out of a concatenation of circumstances which seemed to compel American intervention—the Russian Revolution, the Zimmermann note, the desperate financial situation of the Allies, the apparent military stalemate, war weariness in France, appalling losses in British shipping and the failure of Wilson's recent peace moves, in addition to overt acts by German submarines. But back of the immediate situation in the spring of 1917 lay facts of even greater significance than these, according to Mr. Baker. In a previous volume he expressed the opinion that as early as the autumn of 1914 war trade with the Allies had become so strongly entrenched in American economic life that "the possibility of keeping out of the War by the diplomacy of neutrality, no matter how skillfully conducted, had reached the vanishing point." After two years of further study Mr. Baker sees no reason to alter that judgment. He knows, to be sure, that the New Freedom proudly vaunted not only its suspicion of but its hostility to entrenched economic interests. "And yet, however the President may have striven to subordinate or moralize the economic factors of the conflict, they were there, as always, enormously potent influences behind the scenes."

No one can read these pages and doubt that Wilson hated war and sought to avoid it. As a liberal, he rightly feared that war would impair constitutional government and destroy many of the spiritual values of a democracy. As an American, he was suspicious of European diplomacy and dreaded participation in the political problems of the Old World. But despite his official pronouncements, he was never neutral in thought and deed; he believed that the cause of the Allies was the cause of America, and he tempered his words and his acts accordingly. After Bryan left the Cabinet, his advisers (especially House and Lansing) were avowed advocates of participation in the War on the side of the Allies. Because of a curious inability to deal with his friends, Wilson retained at London an Ambassador whose conduct was disloyal if not treasonable and who had ceased to "represent the feeling or the point of view of the United States." In his "preparedness" campaign Wilson allowed himself to be carried away by his own eloquence, stole the thunder of the jingoes, and accentuated the war psychology in the United States. By attempting to "mediate" as between the belligerents, he allowed himself to be placed in ambiguous positions. For this Mr. Baker blames Colonel House, who is here portrayed as a kind of guileless international busybody; a softer judgment, perhaps, would be to say that the President himself was not altogether clear as to the character of mediation and that House's mission was inherently quixotic.

Wilson never faced the underlying facts of neutrality. With Lansing, he took the legalistic view that the so-called rules of neutrality (at least one of which he admitted to be grossly unfair) could not be changed while a war is in progress. But war is not a game, like cricket; it is a bitter struggle for existence that transcends law. To us the traffic in munitions, financed by war loans, was a legal right; to the belligerents it was a matter of life on one side and of death on the other. Bryan saw this clearly enough and, what is more, sought to avoid the assertion of abstract rights unless we were prepared, as he was not, to secure them by force of arms. Mr. Baker seems to think that Bryan's absence from the Cabinet after 1915 was not altogether to Wilson's advantage. When the Gore-McLemore resolutions, representing Bryan's views, sought to limit travel on belligerent ships, Wilson shifted the discussion from the merits of the proposal to questions of Democratic leadership and executive prerogative. Mr. Baker thinks that this was correct enough. But at the time Senator Stone, then a loyal supporter of the President, referred with righteous indignation to "the foolhardiness, amounting to a sort of moral treason against the Republic, of our own people recklessly risking their lives on armed belligerent ships." The verdict of posterity seems to be with Bryan and Stone.

Mr. Baker is no hagiographer. He sees a number of Wilson's faults and is remarkably frank about them. As a historian he ranks well above some others dealing with the same materials. He may well be pardoned if he magnifies some of Wilson's achievements. Perhaps he would like to make of Wilson a heroic figure in the great drama of our age. The trouble is, of course, that the drama is a kind of Greek tragedy.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE.

The Well Tempered Van Loon

The Arts, by Hendrik Willem van Loon. New York: Simon and Schuster. 704 pages, illustrated. $3.95.

WHEN THE editor handed me this 3¼-pound book, he said that it had been written for the ordinary intelligent reader, and ought to be reviewed accordingly. So would I take it and read it and say how I felt about it? I said I would; and I took it meaning to read part of it, anyway, before I wrote my review. And now I find that I have read it all—and I must say I like it.

I like Mr. Van Loon's easy and disarming rhetoric, which can let him say: "On May 31st of the year 1809, old Papa Haydn quietly dropped off to sleep and when he woke again—behold! he had joined the immortals, both in this world and the other." Maybe that statement is not scientifically accurate, but it is a good way of getting something said; of saying just what was intended to be said, no more—and no less. And that, to my way of thinking, is a pretty fair measure of artistic achievement.

Of course, as an amateur historian I might object (reviewers are always supposed to raise at least one objection) to Mr. Van Loon's casual remark, in his chapter called "Richard Wagner: the father of the Germany of Adolf Hitler," that the Third Reich was founded in 1937. But that is as grievous a factual error as he commits anywhere; and it seems trifling. The fault here is rather one of emphasis. After all, the question is not, When did the Third Reich start, but How can it stop? And for once perhaps Mr. Van Loon has said more than he intended when he allows this question to come up in the discussion, thus:

> In the present atmosphere, in an atmosphere surcharged with a poisonous sort of supernationalism, it is exceedingly dangerous for ill balanced little boys and megalomaniac demagogues to see themselves in the roles of so many Siegfrieds and Hundings . . . and Lohengrins moving irresistibly toward their fate and called upon to reëstablish the kingdom of the great God Wotan.

Can it possibly be as simple as all that? No, it can't; for a moment later he continues:

> . . . Richard Wagner is the Jean Jacques Rousseau of our modern times. But he is infinitely more dangerous than his predecessor of a century and a half ago. For he speaks to us in a language that vastly outstrips mere words. He speaks to us in the most glorious music ever conceived by the brain of man.

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Apparently, then, there are times when great art can be too strong a meat to feed our Cæsars on. Or should it be *verboten* for bad little boys to listen to Wagner?

However, it will not do to labor this point too hard. Mr. Van Loon's digression into these debatable matters is a brief one; and elsewhere he is content to leave the whole question of Art v. Propaganda to those who claim to exercise a monopoly of them both.

More seriously, though—for art is long and Richard Wagner will be enjoyed when Hitler, for all his weeps in a darkened theatre, is forgotten—one comes regretfully to the end of this stout book. Before laying it aside for a while, I felt moved to turn back to page 364 and reread, as I shall do again, the author's stirring tribute to the great seers of his native Low Lands who used to take brush in hand, in the odd moments between Spanish catastrophes and other such visitations of nature, and paint only what meant something to them: as it might be the cheese set out on the table indoors, or the immediate landscape, washed clean and preternaturally clear with rains from the North Sea, beyond their sober casements. Some of that same clarity and more still of that *brio* have come over into the writing of these pages. As promised, "The Arts" is the work of a wise and gentle person. Furthermore, it is an unpretentious, whole-hearted testimony of gratitude for that part of our inheritance as men on which we can confidently afford to lean with all our weight. GEORGE LIBAIRE.

Opera Macabre

Serenade, by James M. Cain. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MR. CAIN'S latest hero is a baritone with a tenor past. Stranded by an opera company in Mexico City, John Sharp falls for a three-peso Indian belle in a bull-fighters' café and with his last cent buys her a lottery ticket. As a reward to him when her ticket wins she invites him to be barker and bouncer in a de-luxe house she hopes to establish in Acapulco. Sharp sets off with her for Acapulco in her new Ford, but a long rainy spell confines them in a roadside church, where they play Swiss Family Robinson with twentieth-century variations. Sharp has sung for the girl twice, but each time the strange look on her face frightens him. After he has won her his voice returns, a voice "somewhere between Tibbett and Bonelli." Instead of the house in Acapulco the two ship for Hollywood and later New York. Fortune favors them, and through radio, cinema and Metropolitan triumphs the story moves with the sinister sureness of a cat walking by night and throwing a similar monstrous shadow.

Just as one begins to suspect that this hero is being dealt more aces than there are in the pack, Cain performs the trick of which he is the only living master, of sawing a novel in two. A sentence does this trick, throwing all that has preceded into a totally new light and creating a double theme—of the story told and of the real story, wherein not Sharp but a hitherto unmentioned figure named Winston Hawes is hero. A dimension has been lacking in the character of Sharp that is supplied by the entrance of Hawes. The killing and cooking of the iguana, which made a painfully unforgettable highlight of the first story, is duplicated point by point in the battle with Hawes, the super-reptile. No novel about a singer would be complete without a Mr. Hawes, and he is the most convincing character in the book, despite his fantastic powers.

The tale is sufficiently operatic in theme to be appropriately constructed on a straight opera pattern. Mr. Cain's secret lies not so much in what he tells or in his prose as in a brilliant manipulation of story and a dexterous staggering of terror effects—from rape and murder to the frou-frou of pixie petticoats. His words are simple but inflate with horror; the story grows in memory; its minor implications will roam through your dreams for days to come. There is nightmare material here for a whole winter.

DAWN POWELL.

The Genteel Engineer

Pity the Tyrant, by Hans Otto Storm. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.

THE American engineer around whom this book centers is not, the jacket says, an extrovert. You never quite lose sight of this fact. His qualities of taste and discretion, his principles and their circuitous means, give an air of great politeness to what might have been a violent journey. When you find him in the beginning, boarding a boat at Panama, his body sore with horseback riding over mountains and his memory filled with the images of a hot country, you also find him wondering as he walks up the gangplank if his fly isn't unbuttoned or if his socks haven't dropped.

The liner sails down the coast from Panama and three days later our engineer lands at Callao and drives inland to Lima, where he begins a contract with a power company. He makes friends with his superiors, his help, his landlady, his landlady's tenants and a local communist. He also takes a mistress. He is jailed through a ridiculous mistake in manners and through the influence of his company he is released. His boss dies and his greatest enemy is put above him. Some of the last and best pages are concerned with a duel that is never fought. A year to the day from his arrival, he is aboard the lighter, riding out from Callao to the ship that will take him north again.

The engineer's eye for detail is quick and accurate and many of the scenes in Lima have the extraordinary clarity of a photograph; a very dark print. You remember cavalry coming up a narrow street, sentries around a fire, an ornate façade, a bad meal, a smell of change and danger. But the modesty and self-consciousness of the opening scenes are never lost. The civilized air of the narrative sometimes approaches a breeziness that even massacre and carnal love can't pierce. ". . . And yet, Vanya, I want to relax," he writes to his girl in New York, "I want to talk and talk and talk and tell this whole crazy story over to someone that I won't have to stop and look at every five minutes to make sure she understands me." These are some of the warmest lines of the book. But the relaxation he anticipates is never given to the reader.

When he is on the ship again, going north, the engineer's sense of the terrifying cruelty and injustice of this world seems much clearer. Two days out of Callao he is lounging on deck with a widow from Charleston:

> "Isn't the night lovely? [she says.] Where do you think we are now, anyway?"
> "Just about off Trujillo."
> "Oh don't we put in at Trujillo?"
> "No," he said, "the port's closed."
> He didn't tell her that at Trujillo there were a thousand dead, real dead, actual dead, people one knew by their first names or owed little bills to; tortured, mangled, decapitated, left to rot.

JOHN CHEEVER.

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THE BRASS CHECK CERTIFIED!

SIX WEEKS ago Upton Sinclair published a novel, "The Flivver King," giving the American people for the first time the truth about the Ford Motor Company.

The United Automobile Workers of America took an edition of 200,000 copies of this book; an event so unusual that it might have interested the press associations—but didn't.

200,000 men bit a dog and it wasn't news!

In his long life as an author, Upton Sinclair has employed a clipping bureau. A week or two after publishing a book, he has become accustomed to receiving fat envelopes, each containing a dozen or more reviews. But 40 days after publication, not one review of "The Flivver King" has come from any newspaper in the United States or Canada. (One and one-eighth inches from "Philadelphia Record" and the same from "Deseret News" just received!)

A triumph of the advertising department!

The "Christian Century" says: "Sinclair can write. Make no mistake about that. Because he writes with purpose and passion, he is often rated as a pamphleteer. So he is; but he is also a novelist—an abler one than some who have received Pulitzer prizes. This book looks like a pamphlet, and is priced like one, but it is practically a full-sized novel. Its purpose is to show what Ford had done to American industry and what success has done to Ford."

Senator WILLIAM E. BORAH says: "I read 'The Flivver King,' and you have told a splendid story. I am not sure just how much belongs to your healthy imagination and how much belongs to reality, but I am sure it is a magnificently told story."

JACOB BAKER, formerly head of the Vanguard Press and now President of the United Federal Workers of America, writes:

"It seems to me that this book, almost more than any other that you have written, sets the seal upon the unique and distinctive contribution that you have made throughout your life—and are still making—to America and to its workers. I suppose that your friends from time to time have compared you to Zola or Victor Hugo or Dickens, and with reason. Thinking over your long and highly productive career, it seems to me that it cannot be compared with that of any other person. It stands out uniquely. You have turned your hand to every phase of social injustice in this country, and in every case you have improved the situation, at the same time that you have laid a basis for long continued work by others. Your material is drawn from living people and living situations, and your use of it creates a living structure that impels people to action. To have done this for as many years as you have, is not only remarkable as a personal accomplishment, but is the great good fortune of the nation and the world in which you live."

HENRY A. WALLACE, Secretary of Agriculture, speaking at the "New York Times" Book Fair, November 4, 1937:

"In the United States the most powerful novel of the century, not from an artistic point of view, but from a social point of view, is Upton Sinclair's 'Jungle.' From this book came much of the packing inspection and pure food work in which the Department of Agriculture engages to protect the American public."

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Books for Children

From the annual harvest of children's books, Miss Jessie Stanton, director of the Harriet Johnson Nursery School in New York City, and Miss Ellen Steele, director of Rosemary Junior School, Greenwich, Connecticut, have selected the titles that follow.

Familiar experiences make the best story material for the young child. Therefore the books for younger children were chosen by Miss Stanton from those that deal with subjects not too remote from the child's own life. The books for older children, chosen by Miss Steele, are chiefly straight fiction, stories based on history, and authentic descriptions of life in other parts of the world.—THE EDITORS.

AGES FROM FOUR TO EIGHT

ANOTHER HERE AND NOW STORY BOOK, edited by Lucy Sprague Mitchell, illustrated by Rosalie Slocum (369 pages; Dutton, $2). An unusual collection of stories for children from two to eight; it has variety and charm and humor. Sketches of children of the same age as those for whom the stories are intended, taken from actual records, make the book valuable for parents and teachers. Highly recommended.

WHEN THE WIND BLEW, by Margaret Wise Brown, illustrated by Rosalie Slocum (32 pages; Harper, $1.50). This story about an old lady who had seventeen cats and one blue-gray kitten has real literary quality; the full-page illustrations in color are distinguished. Highly recommended. (Ages four to six.)

SHADOW AND THE STOCKING, by James S. Tippett, illustrated by Morgan Dennis (52 pages; Harper, 75 cents). A tiny book about a cocker spaniel to delight the hearts of children and grown-ups alike. Every dog lover will chuckle at the illustrations; and the Christmas climax of the story makes it an appropriate gift book for visiting aunts and uncles to take to small relatives. (Ages four to seven.)

BABETTE, by Clare Turlay Newberry (30 pages; Harper, $1.50). Beautiful pictures. The story of the lonely little girl who loved a kitten belonging to the man upstairs. (Ages five to seven.)

MR. BRADLEY'S CAR, by Aroline Leach, illustrated by Angela (32 pages; Stokes, $1). How Mr. Bradley's car gradually fell to pieces and how Mr. Wilson found the pieces and put them together again. The full-page illustrations are as funny as the text. (Ages four to five.)

LUCKY LITTLE LENA, by Marjorie Flack (32 pages; Macmillan, $1). A profusely illustrated story of two children who loved traveling and their little dachshund who did not. (Ages four to five.)

TIMOTHY TITUS, by Blanche Elliott, illustrated by Ruth Holbrook (32 pages; Doubleday, Doran, 50 cents). An innocuous tale of a little boy who searched all over for his mother and finally found her sitting on the front porch. Pleasant illustrations. (Ages four to five.)

NOODLE, by Munro Leaf, illustrated by Ludwig Bemelmans (20 pages; Stokes, $1.50). The illustrations in this book have the humorous dignity of a live dachshund. The story of how Noodle decides that his own shape is best, after all, is written with great charm and simplicity. (Ages six to seven.)

SAKIMURA, by Zhenya Gay (32 pages; Viking, $1.50). Beautiful illustrations of a Siamese kitten who went to the country in search of a playmate and had adventures with many strange creatures. (Ages five to seven.)

THE TRAVELING COAT, by Frances Eliot (38 pages; Dutton, $1.50). Story of a little boy's coat that goes to several foreign countries. Lovely illustrations. (Ages six to seven.)

THE STREAMLINE TRAIN BOOK, by William Clayton Pryor and Helen Sloman Pryor (100 pages; Harcourt, Brace, $1). A book that father and son can enjoy together. Good photographs and much information about one of our newest developments in transportation. (Ages six to seven.)

AZAM, by Irvin S. Cobb, photographs by M. U. Blumenthal (79 pages; Rand McNally, $1.50). The early life and development of an Arabian colt shown in delightful photographs. Simple descriptive text. (Ages six to seven.)

HAPPY HOUR BOOKS. These little books, with their clear colored illustrations, have a great deal of the information that small children demand. They can be used first just as picture books and later on for reading matter. They are 40-page books written by Henry B. Lent and published by Macmillan, price 35 cents each:

"The Bus Driver," illustrated by Earle Winslow.
"The Farmer," illustrated by Berta and Elmer Hader.
"The Air Pilot," illustrated by George and Doris Hauman.
"The Storekeeper," illustrated by George and Doris Hauman.
"The Captain," illustrated by Earle Winslow.

THE WORLD IS ROUND, by Rose Wyler, illustrated by Ruth and Aline Riley (Hale; 15 cents). One of the series of Picture Scripts edited by a committee from the Lincoln School in New York City. A useful book for the seven-year-old who wants to know why we say the world is round.

FOR CHILDREN AGED EIGHT TO TEN

THE CURIOUS LOBSTER, by Richard W. Hatch (248 pages; Harcourt, Brace, $2). A delightful story of a lobster, a bear and a badger. Completely impossible but humorous and will appeal to the imagination. Beautifully illustrated. (Ages eight and nine.)

TOMMY THATCHER GOES TO SEA, written and illustrated by Berta and Elmer Hader (246 pages; Macmillan, $2). Attractive to look at, fun to read, and will be popular with children around eight or nine who love sea, boats and fishing; some interesting details of the locale.

CASTLE NUMBER NINE, by Ludwig Bemelmans (48 pages; Viking, $2). A whimsical and amusing tale of Baptiste, his cat and his master in an eighteenth-century Austrian castle. Beautifully illustrated with exaggerated drawings. (Ages eight and nine.)

WINNEBAGO BOY, by Marie and Mabel Sacheri (182 pages; Harcourt, Brace, $2). The story of the "Plains Indians," with entrancing photography by the authors. Told with many details about the people and the background. (Ages eight and nine.)

SEA-HORSE ADVENTURE, by Irmengarde Eberle and Else Bostelmann (50 pages; Holiday House, $2). A fantasy, scientifically true in every fact. Written in a simple, lucid style. The artist accompanied William Beebe on several of his expeditions and made fascinating illustrations from the floor of the ocean.

RED JUNGLE BOY, by Elizabeth K. Steen (82 pages; Harcourt, Brace, $2). This is a tale of a South American Indian boy. The interest is well sustained throughout, and the reader learns much about these Indians, their habits, feasts, dances and homes. Format and illustrations are distinctive.

PONY FOR JEAN, by Joanna Cannan (156 pages; Scribner's, $1.75). A good book for a nine or ten-year-old who is interested in horses, in a style so simple the child itself might have written it. Charmingly illustrated.

PUNDA: THE TIGER HORSE, by Walter J. Wilwerding (135 pages; Macmillan, $2). Zebra experiences on the African veldt, told from the author's first-hand observations. Rather appealing. (Ages nine and ten.)

HIGH WATER, by Phil Stong (80 pages; Dodd, Mead, $2). An exciting story of a flood in Iowa in 1904. The central character is a little burro, "Mexico." The background is real, and the illustrations are appealing. (For boys and girls of eight to ten.)

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For Older Children

HOMESPUN, by Erick Barry (308 pages; Lothrop Lee, $2). A graphic story of the early pioneer days. (For boys and girls of ten to twelve.)

ROLLING ALONG THROUGH THE CENTURIES, by M. E. Gilchrist and Lucille Ogle (56 pages; Longmans, Green, $1.25). Story of how "Time Marches on Wheels" from the earliest chariot to the stream-lined train. Easy style. Authentic studies have been made by the authors in the British Museum, the Metropolitan and the Museum of Science and Industry. (Ages ten and eleven.)

A-GOING TO THE WESTWARD, by Lois Lenski (368 pages; Stokes, $2). An extremely well written tale of a family who moved from Connecticut to Ohio. A vivid picture of the various types of people who journey westward. Illustrations unusually appropriate. (Ages ten and eleven.)

MESSENGER TO THE PHARAOH, by DeWolfe Morgan (312 pages; Longmans, Green, $2). This is by far the best Egyptian story in this year's publications. Convincing both in incident and in historical details.

ANIMALS ON THE MARCH, by W. Maxwell Reed and Jannette May Lucas (335 pages; Harcourt, Brace, $3). The evolution of animal life, interestingly stated by the authors of "The Earth for Sam," and illustrated with photographs of exhibits in the American Museum of Natural History.

WORDS: ENGLISH ROOTS AND HOW THEY GROW, by Margaret S. Ernst (109 pages; Knopf, $1.20). This book stimulates an interest in the development, history and use of the English language from Anglo-Saxon times to now. Many children from eleven years on will be fascinated with words and their story, as presented in this book.

EVERYDAY THINGS IN AMERICA, by William Chauncy Langdon (353 pages; Scribner's, $2.50). Fascinating in its details of houses, roads, ships, lights, tools and spinning wheels of the period. Perfect for history library. Readable style; scholarly; non-fiction. (Ages ten and over.)

SKIPPER JACK, by Jimmy Garthwaite (59 pages; Holt, $1.50). A tall sea tale in an English setting. Completely impossible, but so humorous and so truly nautical that it should be popular with both ten and eleven-year-olds.

TREASURE MOUNTAIN, by Eric P. Kelly (211 pages; Macmillan, $2). The exciting adventures of two families affected by the depression of '94, who moved to a ranch in New Mexico. The style is clear-cut and unusually lucid; the illustrations enhance the story. (For boys of twelve and thirteen.)

BRIGHT ISLAND, by Mabel L. Robinson (268 pages; Random House, $2). A story for girls of about twelve; with the Maine Coast and an island for its setting. Decorative illustrations by Lynd Ward.

WHO RIDES IN THE DARK? by Stephen W. Meader (281 pages; Harcourt, Brace $2). Older children will find this story of highwaymen and stage coaches in old New Hampshire in 1800 quite readable, as there is plenty of action and suspense.

CHINA QUEST, by Elizabeth Foreman Lewis (301 pages; Winston, $2). An American boy in China makes a contact with a Chinese boy of the same age. This builds a somewhat interesting story of modern China, but it would be better if the boy were less of a tourist looking on. Descriptions seem to be accurate.

THE BOOK OF WILD PETS, by Clifford B. Moore (553 pages; Putnam's, $5). A storehouse of information for boys and girls who are interested in the native animals of woods and streams. Their life habits are studied by the method of first-hand observation, and instructions are given for raising them in captivity. (Eleven and older.)

WAGONS WESTWARD, by Armstrong Sperry (276 pages; Winston, $2). This is a vigorous tale of the pioneers following the old trail to Sante Fé in 1846. (For boys and girls of twelve and thirteen.)

THE ARTS, by Hendrik Willem Van Loon (704 pages; Simon and and Schuster, $3.95). A book to grip readers of all ages from twelve on, in the usual inimitable style of Van Loon. This time it is the enduring qualities of the arts through the centuries.

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The Left Book Club

THE Left Book Club in England has been so successful that writers not on the Left are complaining that radicalism is now a racket, and that to make money at writing these days you have to play Red cricket. It is certainly true that the Left Book Club, which is organized with a solemn British thoroughness, has met with a response that is in amazing contrast to the apathy which has chilled similar ventures over here. At the present time, membership is about 50,000, and there are expectations of doubling it before very long. Regular members pay two shillings and sixpence a month (about 62 cents) for the selected book, and there are Additional and Educational volumes, as well as other grades of membership for those unable to pay the full amount. Members receive The Left News, a plump monthly magazine with articles by leading British authors and accounts of the Club's many activities. There are more than 700 Local Groups of the Club in all parts of England, which have week-end schools, rallies, movies (there are affiliations with the Film and Photo League as well as the Soviet Kino), and theatrical performances by branches of the Left Book Club Theatre Guild. There are regular and frequent speeches by authors of the chosen books, or by John Strachey, Victor Gollancz or Harold J. Laski, of the Club's editorial board.

Gollancz is chairman of the board and editor of The Left News. He has contributed vitally to the success of the Club, which has behind it the publishing house of Gollancz, Ltd. This firm issues each volume in limp cloth; the price of two-and-six is of course considerably below the regular publication price. Some of the recent and future selections include "The Spirit and Structure of German Fascism," by Robert A. Brady; "Red Star Over China," by Edgar Snow; "A Philosophy for a Modern Man," by Professor H. Levy; "An American Testament," by Joseph Freeman, and John Strachey's next book, "What Shall We Do?"

The Educational and Additional books that are offered each month to members who choose to buy them are one of the Club's most valuable features. The Educational books, costing eightpence, are written by such men as R. H. Tawney, G. D. H. Cole and H. N. Brailsford. The Additional books are more expensive than the regular monthly selections and consist of particularly important material. The Webbs' "Soviet Communism" was a recent Additional book costing five shillings ($1.25) in a one-volume cardboard-covered edition containing a new seventy-page postscript on the Moscow trials and other later developments in Russia. The edition was exhausted, and there were so many demands for more copies that another edition has been published at six shillings. Besides the Gollancz facilities, the Club has recently been reinforced by the firm of Lawrence and Wishart, which offers members discounts on its books by Ralph Fox, Palme Dutt and others, as well as on its "Marxist Classics" by Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin and Plekhanov.

The Left Book Club is of course an imitator of the Book Society, though it has become a much more vital instrument in the national life. And now it has its own rivals and imitators. There is even a "Right" Book Club (the quotation marks are its own), with a list of noblemen, generals and admirals as its patrons. Its motto is: "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it." One of the "Right" choices last spring was the trouble-making "Coronation Commentary." There is also a Right Review,

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edited by the Polish monarchist, Count Potocki of Montalk, who drifts through Bloomsbury in kilts, wearing his hair down his back. But this doesn't have any connection with the "Right" Book Club—it doesn't have much connection with anything. Nor is there any affiliation between the Left Book Club and Randall Swingler's hard-hitting Left Review. And there is a Reader's Union, also on the Left, which puts out fine books such as Novikov-Priboy's "Tsushima," though this group lacks the organized enthusiasm of the Gollancz project.

Membership in the Left Book Club operates through individual booksellers, though because of technicalities of copyright it is difficult to have one of these agents ship the books to the United States. The best way to get the Left Book Club material over here (and an increasing number of Americans are doing this) is to send a friend in England some money in advance and have him pick up the books and the magazine when they come out. Then, as a private citizen, he can mail them to you as another private citizen overseas.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE.

The Shape of Nature

The Birds of America, by John James Audubon. Edited by William Vogt. New York: The Macmillan Company. 526 pages. $12.50.

ABOUT the most thrilling thing in publishing this year is the appearance in one volume, handsome, thick and heavy, of 500 Audubon plates, reproduced in color by the offset process. This means the whole of the original Elephant Folio plus sixty-five later paintings; and William Vogt has written, in addition to an introduction, a brief note of identification for each plate. In terms of the publishing venture alone, "The Birds of America" is huge: it measures over a foot tall by nine inches across and weighs seven pounds; the cost of the heavy offset stock (in the trade edition the plates are backed up, two to a leaf), deep-etch lithography, printing, binding and distribution of an edition of 50,000 must run to nightmare figures; and the whole lower base of the normal book-buying public is automatically turned away by the price. But it is more than that. For us, Audubon has been no more than a household word for perseverance, a biographical entry, an influence felt indirectly in the changed conceptions of a natural world. Without having such a volume as companion, turning it over and over plate by plate, we never had a chance to appreciate the magnitude, thorough learning and beauty of his work.

Audubon had studied drawing and painting abroad before he started his collection; but it is easy to see that the great thing in his art was the sensitive and abiding feeling he had for the shape of nature. His birds are brought to us as he found them in life, in their typical occupations and homes. Behind and around them is the countryside, up and down and across America, hills, plains, swamplands, wastes of rock and sand. All the phases of nature study are cued in here, outcroppings of rock and soil coloration, wild flowers and domestic grasses; and since birds may live by bugs, butterflies, dead cattle, fish and lizards, these things are drawn in too, with equally detailed perfection. Plate after plate is more than any one thing or collection of things, it recaptures a mood; so that between barn swallow and brown pelican you go from Maine in the old haying summers to the Florida Keys, low in the wind.

I suppose there is nothing left to say of the complete scholarship of love that found out and marked such an

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encyclopedia of natural information, down to the last skeletal item and feather and shift of iridescence; and behind all that, the skill and eternal stubborn patience of all those years and journeys, in this application of scientific measurement and the canons of art to forms of life as wild and flying as the air itself. There was a capacity and experience here that we can never fully imagine. In this edition of "The Birds of America" we have not only an art work and naturalist's handbook, but a monument to one of the great Americans, put up at last where all can see.

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OTIS FERGUSON.

Mirage in the Waste Land

Ends and Means, by Aldous Huxley. New York: Harper and Brothers. 386 pages. $3.50.

EVER SINCE Aldous Huxley dropped the drama criticism he loathed for the novel writing he endures, he has been a decorative and elaborately fatigued satirist of Yahoos in evening dress; but it is only lately that he has become a Houyhnhnm. He has leaped from facile bitterness to facile mysticism with an ease that is all the more astonishing when you consider what the author of "Antic Hay" or "Brief Candles" thought of men who utter loud, flat banalities under the protection of scholarship. It is strange to find Aldous Huxley a perfectionist; it is stranger still to find him demanding an inclusive perfection of all men on the basis of a virginal sociology and a long string of quotations, and demanding it with a humorless, querulous insistence that we all read a Buddhist maxim a day and be kind to each other.

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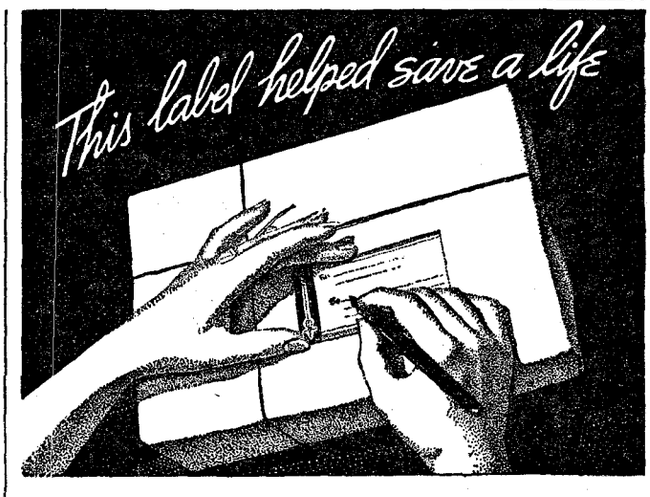

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Huxley's adoption of mysticism, rather than his conversion to it, is based on his feeling that social wrong is always and with parallel symmetry an ethical wrong; that only the pure in heart can establish a classless society. Thus he envisions his Utopia (of which this book is unblushingly the prospectus) in terms of a purity of mutual wills, rather than any social cohesion. That men exist in the mass, that there may be rickets in the body politic, that they are at the mercy of caprice or plain greed, is merely a historical accident. The dead belong to the dead. What he will have, beginning right now, is the "non-attached man"—"Non-attached to his bodily sensations and lusts. Non-attached to his craving for power and possessions. Non-attached [skipping a few] to his anger and hatred; non-attached to his exclusive loves. Non-attached to wealth, fame, social position. Non-attached even to science, art, speculation, philanthropy."

In short, man has the right to become a politician only when he has no political ends in view. In Huxley's City of God, pressure is brought by sweetness and light; the franchise is a ritual. Citing Jessie Wallace Hughan, he declares that the Spanish Republic should have immediately liberated the Moors and made friends; that it should have dismissed the generals of the old regime and returned their armies to civil life. But what if the generals wouldn't play? What if the Moors, unfortunately under the influence of military governors, among them one Francisco Franco, declined to be "liberated" in that paper style? A Huxley government would never think of punishing or even disinfecting the generals, though it is true that in such a government no general would be anything but obedient to the will of the masses.

Huxley condemns a Chinese general for teaching children, albeit melodramatically, the elements of military drill. Yet one of the reasons why the Japanese will be in Nanking this week or next is that for too many years the Chinese were meek Huxleyans, while the Japanese were not. He condemns any struggle that democracy may make against fascism because it "entails inevitably the transformation of democracy into fascism." He believes that "our ideal postulates" explain why fascism "has had to advance gradually and behind a smoke screen." Herr Schacht's inability to make credits grow on trees, Germany's lack of minerals and the Soviet Far Eastern Army had nothing to do with it.

As for his own *genaden,* "The advantages of socialism can be obtained by making changes in the management of large-scale units of production." Small groups of men, each of whom will be thoroughly indoctrinated in the principles of *bhakti-marga,* Lao-tse, St. Teresa, Yoga and the Great Buddha, will, as I see it, convince Mr. Alfred P. Sloan, M. Eugene Schneider, Herr Thyssen and Signori Toplitz and Vaneli to submit to the Wisdom of the East. And just to show that "desirable changes in capitalistic societies" can be effected peacefully, Huxley cites the Port of New York Authority and the British Broadcasting Company! "There should be no insuperable difficulty in extending the application of this already accepted principle to wider fields." ALFRED KAZIN.

East Goes West, by Younghill Kang. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 401 pages. $2.75.

A short time ago Younghill Kang gave us in "The Grass Roof" an account of his boyhood in Korea. Now he describes his conquest of America. Landing with only two dollars in a strange and almost hostile country he made his way upward, not like one of Horatio Alger's boys by hard work and good luck, but rather by a certain Oriental

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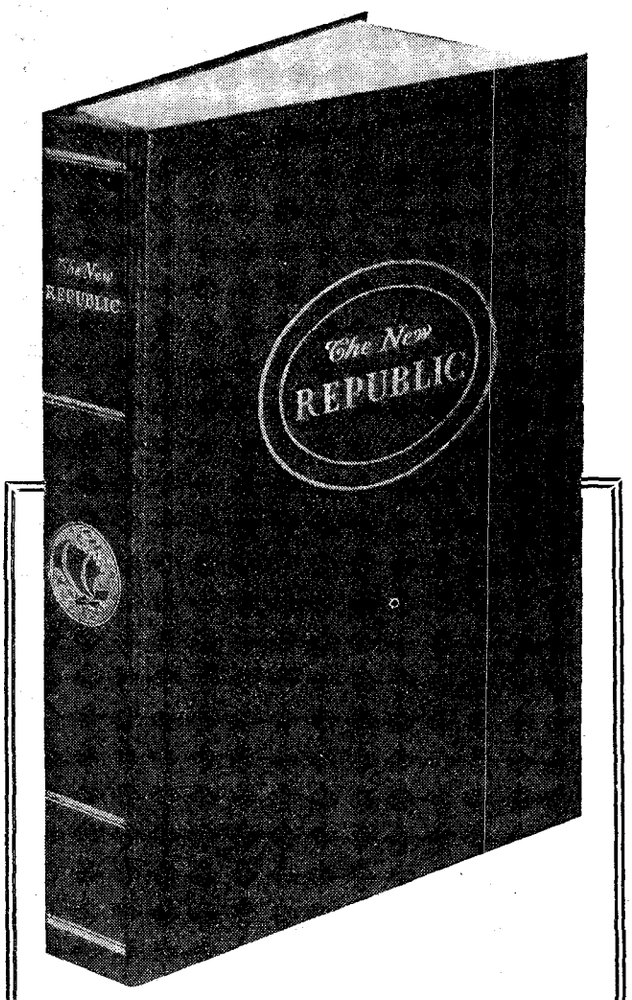

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stoicism, and a passive yielding to the stream, until desire released energy to swim against it. His abundant good nature made his naïveté an asset, and his curiosity developed a resourcefulness that justifies his description as an Oriental Yankee. There is in his attitude toward America, however, none of the obsequiousness of the conventional immigrant's story of the Promised Land. His character sketch of himself arouses respect for his native Korean inheritance and regret that the unhappy people, to whose betrayal the United States was a party, should be included in "the barred zone." R. M. L.

A Correction

In Bertram D. Wolfe's review of "The Case of Leon Trotsky" [The New Republic, November 24] the last sentence should have read, "On this question, both in his testimony and at the hearings and in his subsequent utterances on the executions, Trotsky is completely silent, for he has no way of squaring it with what has long been his central position." Mr. Wolfe's point was that Trotsky's central position—"The theory of Thermidor"—cannot be squared with the *fact* that a new and powerful opposition to Stalinism has grown up in the party, the army, the Soviet apparatus and every department of Russian life.

Contributors

LENORE G. MARSHALL, who has contributed poems to numerous magazines, is the author of two novels, "Hall of Mirrors" and "Only the Fear," both of which were published by the Macmillan Company.

AARON LEVENSTEIN, a member of the New York Bar, was formerly editor of The Socialist Call. During the past year he has spent six months in the South as a representative of the Workers' Defense League.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN is the author of a study of race relations in the United States, "The Negro Faces America," a critical appreciation of D. H. Lawrence and two volumes of poems.

CAROLINE SLADE is the author of a book, "Sterile Sun," which was published in 1936 by the Vanguard Press.

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EDMUND WILSON is the author of "Travels in Two Democracies," "Axel's Castle," "The American Jitters" and "I Thought of Daisy" and a book of plays, "This Room, This Gin and These Sandwiches."

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DAWN POWELL, novelist and playwright, author, among other books, of "Turn, Magic Wheel," lives in New York City.

JOHN CHEEVER, whose first work was printed in The New Republic seven years ago, has written stories since then for The Atlantic Monthly, The Yale Review, Story, The New Yorker, Colliers and other magazines.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE is literary editor of The Beacon, Chicago's liberal magazine.

ALFRED KAZIN, author of the English version of "Moses: The New Odyssey," has written book reviews for The New Republic, The Herald Tribune Books, Scribner's and The New York Times Book Review.

The initials signed to the brief review are those of Robert Morss Lovett.

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